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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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This Time of Year

ALWAYS and inevitably in the course of a twelve-month it returns upon us, "this time of year"; a time of year when the printed page swims before the eyes, when the piled volumes upon one's desk arouse faint nausea; when it seems to the jaded reader and reviewer that almost anything would be preferable to turning another leaf, to attempting another analysis of current writing. Though literature be the salt of life, it has temporarily lost its savor. Outside the streets are sweltering, the evenings seem only for late dining in some open space in the rear of some downtown restaurant. The green-shaded student lamp on the table-desk decidedly does not appeal. If one languishes in the depths of one's apartment, because forsooth all one's friends have fled into the country or across the ocean beyond the reach of telephone, one desires only to languish, in comparative coolness. At the office, one picks up volume after volume and lays them down. One dreams. . . .

Nor is this state of affairs entirely summer laziness. Nor is this mental torpor confined to the professional student of books. There comes a certain time of year when even assiduous layman readers long for a surcease from the sex novel, the detective story, the "colorful" (God save the word—or, rather, lose it!) biography, and so on and so on. The mind would willingly become a blank for a while, the body seek seashore or the mountains to restore itself through physical action and fatigue. But, what is even more important, one desires most passionately an interval, a breathing-space, in which to "think it all over."

We who live constantly with books find ourselves suddenly lost in the depths of a tangle of trees, and quite as suddenly discover that we have mislaid our compass. At the beginning of the year we seemed stationed on a height outside the forest, perceiving its various stands and clearings. We went blithely down into it like surveyors. We had planned to thread it from end to end, to make such a map of the various literary groves for the outside world as should guide all travellers through even the most inconspicuous thickets. And, indeed, to do ourselves justice, in our initial fervor we covered a good deal of ground. We accomplished certain reconnaisances. Now, at this time of year, we seem to have lost our sense of direction and the trees rise all around us as a wilderness.

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We badly need an interval to take stock of ourselves and of what we have learned. And, here in the midst of things, where new books keep on piling up from the inexhaustible presses, where new titles and new announcements are constantly catching the wearied eye, we cannot find it. We can only mumble of tendencies in a daydream. Just so the average reader, if he be ordinarily avid for books. He wishes to turn from them for a time to life, and to weigh the assertions of books against actual human activity all around him. He desires to stand off and away from the serried shelves and to establish a new orientation.

Certainly this is a healthy yearning. One can grow mentally blind as a bat in a library, if that is where one solely spends one's time. One may be able to run the range of all the philosophies and compare or discriminate between their fundamental concepts, and yet be lost to the most elementary knowledge of human lives or of how to deal with men. Obviously one cannot live by books alone. It is necessary to recharge the batteries by means of human contact. It is also necessary to get out into the open and learn again what nature's various taciturnity can teach us. We are stuffed to the ears with problems in ethics, problems of marriage, problems of the family, problems of race, problems of "crabbéd age and youth," and their various solutions or lack of solution in the many novels we have consumed. That for one instance. In general, we are "fed up" on the printed word. We want the spoken word now, and, more than all, the speech-in-silence of the hills, of the sea, of the stars by night. In more vulgar parlance, we have bitten off more intellectual provender than we can conveniently chew.

A renegade editorial indeed, you may say, for a

(*Continued on page* 1049)

Laggard in Sleep

By ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

I WAS the one ever laggard in sleep
While you brushed the dew where the mealy plums creep;
I stirred to the sound of your voice by the bed
Crying, "The cranberry bog is rose-red—
The Madeket surf is as high as a house!
And down at Capaum* I have just seen a grouse!
And the dews and the black caps are thick in the grass
And the beach plums are purple—Wake up, Bonnie Lass!"

But now it is you who are laggard in sleep
While I brush the dews where the mealy plums creep,
And when I am come to stand over your head
To tell you the cranberry bog is rose-red
And the Madeket surf is as high as a house
And down at Capaum I have just seen a grouse
And the lily is holding for you its red cup
And the beach plums are ready—You do not wake up.

* Capaum is a dissyllabic word with accent on the last syllable.

This Week

"Population Problems of the Pacific."
Reviewed by *Ellsworth Huntington.*

"Europe."
Reviewed by *Salvador de Madariaga.*

Midsummer Night's Reading.
By *P. E. G. Q.*

"The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford."
Reviewed by *Esther Singleton.*

"Within the Walls of Nanking."
Reviewed by *Stewart Beach.*

Off the Deep End. V.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

The Depths and Havelock Ellis.
By *H. M. Kallen.*

Dealing With the Ancients

By ELMER DAVIS

THE historical novel, says the worthy Dr. Emil Ludwig, is always the unhistorical novel. Always is a large word, and a biographer who denigrates a competitive industry lies under the suspicion of being inspired by motives commercial rather than artistic; but one must listen with respect to the opinions of a man who so nearly achieved the impossible feat of making the life of Napoleon uninteresting. The writer of the blurb for "Black Sparta"* is not quite so sweeping; he contents himself with the polite intimation that all historical novels are unhistorical but Mrs. Mitchison's.

This sort of thing makes an irresistible appeal to the reviewer's baser instincts. One might point out, for example, that though a Thessalian *basileus* was not quite a king like other kings, Mrs. Mitchison cracks the historical illusion by calling him a grand duke; and that her translation of part of Pindar's eighth Pythian Ode is what Pindar might have said if he had been so minded, rather than what he actually did say. But that would be unfair to a distinguished and conscientious artist; a modest artist, moreover, as her dedication to "two real historians" proves. Let us forget the blurb writer, who seems to think (as do a good many of his contemporaries) that the historical novel was invented by John Erskine. Without invidious comparisons, it may be conceded that Mrs. Mitchison's historical fiction is remarkably historical; in fact, this present volume reopens the question discussed on this page a few weeks ago by Mr. Colton, in his remarks on Dr. Erskine's essays—whether a historical novel may not be too historical.

* * *

Dr. Erskine's theory squares with his practise; he feels (I borrow the quotations from Mr. Colton) that "whatever is dated is dead," that "in a great poem or a great novel we should find a reflection of ourselves." Mr. Colton, conceding that he too enjoys this modernization of the past, of which the Romans of Shakespeare and Shaw and Sherwood are examples, as well as Erskine's Achæans, confesses that personally he likes to read also about "men who are unlike me and periods who are unlike mine." Now I believe that this taste for a conscientious reconstruction of a past unlike the present is rare. I have that taste myself, but I came near being an historian; I suspect that my interest and Mr. Colton's in men and periods unlike our own is essentially a historical, even a palæontological interest. That the general public agrees with Dr. Erskine is proved by his tremendous success as a novelist, as compared with those who reproduce the past as it was instead of treating it as a text for the edification of the present. And a reading of Mrs. Mitchison's books suggest that perhaps the general public is right.

Not that the historical novelist must necessarily restrict himself to periods more or less like our own (though they are more numerous, in ancient history, than the unhistorical reader would suppose) or must modernize people who were not like us. There are timeless and permanent values, dependent on no temporary culture or psychological disposition. Some periods of the past have more of them than others—but it is possible that a writer of the past, or of the future, would not find so many of them in our own time as we flatter ourselves we possess. Historical fiction can always appeal to those values with some success, though perhaps not so much as attends

* BLACK SPARTA. Greek Stories. By Naomi Mitchison. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $2.50.

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a frank modernization; but if the historical novelist essays to appeal to a purely temporary interest and reproduce temporary habits of mind, he had better be sure that they are not only temporary but contemporary, if he wants his book to sell.

* * *

This taste for realism in historical fiction is a very modern growth; offhand I cannot recall any author before Scott who seriously tried for historical accuracy, and he never tried for it hard enough to hurt his stories. In the beginning, men regarded history, candidly and *without* shame, as a vehicle for moral edification. The Deuteronomic school of Old Testament writers, and the Greek dramatists, did not scruple to make such alterations in the record of the past as they found convenient for the instruction of their own time; and as for a conscientious effort to reproduce the psychology of the ancients, that was not only unknown but unthinkable until the last few decades, when at last we had some materials for the understanding of ancient psychology.

For, be it noted, there are three kinds of inaccuracy possible to the historical novelist—deliberate alteration in the record of facts, misrepresentation of the cultural background, and modernization of the thoughts and feelings of the characters. To illustrate from the most familiar example, Dr. Erskine scrupulously adhered to the recorded history of the Atridæ, though he made of these swashbuckling barbarians such persons as can be found on Morningside to-day. Personally, from the habit of the historical student, I feel that no novelist may legitimately alter material facts in the record and still call himself a historical novelist; to me that seems not only bad history, but bad art—but Shakespeare and Æschylus did it, and they probably knew more than I do about what is and what is not art. (There is indeed some reason to believe that Homer did it, too.) Shakespeare followed untrustworthy sources when he slandered King Macbeth; but Æschylus presented Agamemnon as King of Argos, in flagrant contradiction of what he and his audience knew to be historic fact, for reasons of contemporary politics; Argos was a new and valuable ... of Athens, Mycenæ was on the wrong side. ...spite of which, "Agamemnon" remains a play ...me merit.

* * *

Other things being equal, it is an excellent idea to reproduce faithfully the life of the period about which you write. But what that may mean when the life is not much like our own may be observed in the case of "Salammbô," where such merit as the story possesses is utterly buried under the archeological detail. An Erskinized "Salammbô" would have been worse archeology, but better reading. For the writer, if he puts his book on sale, may be presumed to appeal to a reader, other than himself; he can be fanatically exact in reproducing an unfamiliar life and habit of mind, if he *chooses* to appeal to a couple of thousand archeologically minded readers; but if he expects much of a sale he must appeal to something that the public can recognize in themselves. There are three ways in which he can do that: he can write about a period of ancient history in which the life of the people and their habits of mind were recognizably similar to ours (and there are such periods, nor are they confined to the history of Rome and Athens); he may candidly modernize his people in the manner of Dr. Erskine, which was also the manner of Shakespeare and Æschylus, and in fact of almost all writers before the nineteenth century; or he may deal with timeless and permanent values.

The actual Hamlet, if there ever was one, was not much like Shakespeare's Hamlet; but put Shakespeare's Hamlet in modern clothes and his history is as good as it was three hundred years ago; it has even attained the honor of being analyzed and found acceptable by the best Freudian standards. The language is Elizabethan, but the people do not date. Euripides was a person very much like ourselves; Hecuba was not. But almost any woman in war time can feel what Euripides's Hecuba felt. On the other hand, Euripides's peasant who married Electra behaved in a way quite incomprehensible to our modern peasantry, though it seemed as natural to Euripides as it did to Orestes. That is historical fiction that dates; you could never revive it successfully for a modern audience. Erskine's Helen, on the whole, is more attractive than Homer's Helen to modern readers; yet I suspect that the reflections of Homer's Helen, as she looked down from the wall at the Achæan army, are entirely comprehensible to more women of to-day than would ever admit it to their husbands. There is a timeless value, different as Homer's Helen was from the average woman of 1928.

The ancients, it has been remarked, did not know that they were ancient. True enough, but since history has a lazy habit of somewhat inexact repetition, some periods of ancient history are considerably more ancient than others. Roman history is the best field for the historical novelist, because Romans of the late republic and the early empire were more like ourselves than any other people before our grandfathers' day. By the time of Commodus they were beginning to turn into something else; but they had not yet turned so far that the people in Edward Lucas White's "Andivius Hedulio," true Romans of the age of Commodus, are not wholly familiar and comprehensible to twentieth century readers. As much can be said of Talbot Mundy's novelette on the death of Commodus (the name escapes me, for it has unfortunately never been reprinted in book form) which to my taste is the best of all modern fiction with a Roman setting. But in two hundred years more Rome had changed into something very different indeed; and it remains doubtful how far modern readers could be interested in Romans of the Theodosian age. Mr. Kipling, at any rate, did not try it; his Romans of the winged-hat story in "Puck of Pook's Hill" are nineteenth-century Anglo-Indians, and I do not imagine that Mr. Kipling supposed them to be anything else. As a minor detail, the Norsemen never wore winged helmets; but Kipling's story about them and the Anglo-Indian British-Romans is a good story none the less.

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Mrs. Mitchison also essayed Theodosian and Honorian Rome in one of her earlier stories, "When the Bough Breaks." The background, there, was vague and shadowy—perhaps inevitably, for a faithful revisualization of that peculiar time might have distracted attention from the story; but the people were post-war Englishmen and Englishwomen, not fifth century Goths or Romans. It was an excellent story, but it was not very historical. Some of her early short stories, however, had the authentic feeling of the time; the one about the boy hostages in third century republican Rome, for instance. And her Greek novel, "Cloudcuckooland," established her as not only a brilliant artist but a faithful historian. In "Black Sparta" she remains the conscientious historian; if she falls short as an artist, the fault is not in herself but in her material.

"Cloudcuckooland" was a novel of the Peloponnesian War, which in almost all its major aspects was an uncanny parallel of the war that ended ten years ago. Moreover, the Athenians of that period were a people very much like twentieth-century Americans or Europeans; aside from Rome of the centuries between Sulla and Marcus Aurelius, Periclean Athens is the period of ancient history which we find most recognizable. Alxenor, the hero of "Cloudcuckooland," was an amiable intellectual wandering about a world in sad disrepair, and feeling vaguely that something ought to be done about it, though he did not know what. In a world like Alxenor's, full of people who felt about it very much as he did, his story had that thou-art-the-man quality which is the surest recipe for artistic success.

* * *

"Black Sparta" is an assortment of a dozen short stories, interspersed with verses in Greek meters and Greek moods; the period runs from the decade before the Persian wars to the time when Epaminondas was beginning to break the Spartan power. So far as a Hellenist less complete than Mrs. Mitchison can determine, they are all admirably faithful recreations of the time and the people; this is the way these men and women lived and thought and felt. But the stories are most successful where they are least dated, where the timeless universal shines through the Hellenic particular.

Only three of the stories deal with Sparta, a peculiar state, with a peculiar culture and a peculiar people, which Mrs. Mitchison seems to understand, in its defects and its merits, better than any other modern has ever done. The title story is the last, and to this reviewer's taste the best; in that, in the story of the Messenian girl who fell in love with a Spartan prisoner, and in three or four of the others there is a poignant feeling that strikes an instant response in the modern reader, who has felt, or can conceive himself as feeling, exactly the same thing.

But the three stories on which, one suspects, the author has lavished the most loving care deal with Pindar—Pindar in youth, inspired by the Tenth Pythian; Pindar past his prime, reviewing his relations with the dignitaries of Cyrene to whom the Fourth and Fifth Pythians are devoted; and Pindar in old age, with the Eighth Pythian as text. Now so far as the amateur scholar can determine, this is Pindar, and these are the scenes and the people among which he moved; as historical reconstructions all three stories deserve an award of merit. But as works of art they fail to come through, precisely because they are such good paleontology.

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Pindar is of all Greek poets the most alien to the modern mind; the more faithfully you represent him as he was, the farther you fall short of striking any but a scholastic response in a modern reader. To the sort of athletic contests which evoked Pindar's best poems we devote even more attention than did the Greeks; but not quite the same kind of attention. We are willing to pay large sums of money to see Gertrude Ederle swim or Red Grange play football; but it would have struck us as absurd if the late Mr. Thomas Hardy had been hired to celebrate their exploits, with incidental references to their ancestors, the Spirit of America, and God.

Pindar could do that, because in the Greece of which he was the product a wrestling match or a foot race might legitimately involve all these other things. It was a peculiar culture, which Mrs. Mitchison has brilliantly recreated; but the political situation and the habit of mind which gave it life were dying before Pindar reached middle age. Even in his own day he was an anachronism, though neither he nor most of his contemporaries knew it. The interests that made up his spiritual life were obsolescent survivals in the age of Æschylus and Themistocles. What sixth century Greece was you will see in Mrs. Mitchison's "O Lucky Thessaly!" It was a very pleasant world for persons of quality; but it went to pieces on the morning when Darius's expeditionary force landed at Marathon.

Neither Pindar, nor Pindar's state, understood that; Thebes was on the wrong side in the Persian War, and while Pindar seems to have adjusted his views on the war more or less to the taste of his customers, it does not appear that ever in his life he realized that, under his eyes, history had passed one of its major turning points. Æschylus realized it; and that is one reason why Æschylus can still be read with profit, and with a profound and terrible pleasure, by grown men and women, while Pindar is relegated to the reluctant attention of schoolboys. Pericles and Pindar were contemporaries for half a century; Pericles we can understand as well as Wilson or Asquith, but Pindar is an ancient who was ancient even before he was dead.

Mrs. Mitchison's remarkable gift for conveying emotion fails only when the emotion is meaningless to the reader. Naturally, in this volume of Greek stories, there is a good deal of homosexual love, with an honest endeavor to convey what the Greeks found in it. But the average modern is prejudiced against homosexuality, thanks to two thousand years of Christian teaching, and to a saner concept of heterosexual relations than was known either to the Church or to most of the Greeks. Some moderns are prejudiced in favor of it; but their homosexuality is not very Hellenic. Let them read Mr. Van Vechten; "Black Sparta" is not their meat.

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Lately the historical novel has leaned over backward in its endeavor to be accurate, for the excellent reason that any writer who too candidly modernizes ancient history will be accused of imitating Erskine by readers who do not know that Erskine follows a practice twenty-five hundred years old. "Black Sparta" is proof that one can lean back too far; but this does not mean that the historical novelist who wants to please the public as well as himself need restrict himself to Athens or Rome.

The business of a historical novel, as of any other novel, is to convey an emotional impression to the reader. That conveyance depends on the creation of an artistic illusion; whatever promotes that illusion belongs in the historical novel, whatever cracks it ought to be left out. To my taste the illusion is cracked by falsification of the facts of history; that is too much like dealing off the bottom of the deck. It takes an Æschylus or a Shakespeare to live

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it down. Other readers, evidently, do not resent this at all. But I can stand some modernization of character, when it is not an historical character which I know well to have been something entirely different; and to have the rough edges smoothed off a rather crude ancient setting preserves rather than cracks the illusion. The illusion can be cracked, for me, by too modern epithets or expletives; Periclean Athenians called each other names, but they did not call each other bloody bastards, as, if my memory is correct, they do in "Cloudcuckooland." But unless the dialogue of the characters is pretty much in our own idiom there is no illusion at all. Only Elizabethan Englishmen spoke the Elizabethan English which till lately was the conventional dialect of the historical novel. We have got away from thees and thous, but dialogue to my taste is unconvincing unless it is such as the reader can imagine himself hearing and speaking.

All this, however, is a personal preference, with which other readers will disagree. Few historical novels have been so successful as "The White Company." Conan Doyle was faithful to the history and archeology of the fourteenth century; but his fourteenth-century Englishmen spoke seventeenth-century English, with a sprinkling of fourteenth-century terms; and their mentality and morals were Victorian. The sum of all this was the creation of an artistic illusion and the conveyance of an emotional impression; so Conan Doyle was justified by his works.

The Pacific Islands

POPULATION PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC. By STEPHEN H. ROBERTS. London: Routledge. 1927.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

AFTER the flood of idealized tales of the Pacific Islands, it is a relief to find a book that sticks to the unadorned and not very pleasant facts. In attempting to discover the true situation, Mr. Roberts, an Australian historian, begins in the usual way with anthropology, exploration, exploitation, and the like. Right at the start he interests us by showing that when the white man first reached the Pacific Islands, the islanders were not living in an idyllic state of peace, comfort, and happiness; but in a terrible condition of war, discord, and moral degradation. They were already far advanced in a stage of decline, not only from our point of view, but from their own. The white man merely accelerated this decline.

This decline pertains to both character and numbers, but it is by no means universal or uniform. In some regions, like Tahiti, the population has remained nearly constant, in some it has actually increased, while in others a marked decline has occurred. This has been worst in the Marquesas Islands, where perhaps fifty thousand Marquesans of a century or so ago have given way to only twelve hundred, and the number is still diminishing. The commonest fate of all has been for the islanders to diminish for a while and then remain stationary or else increase.

Many Westerners suppose that the white man's vices are the cause of the decline of the Pacific Islanders. They are a factor, but not the greatest, as Mr. Roberts shows conclusively. The white man's diseases, such as measles and tuberculosis, which he introduced unintentionally and for which he holds no moral responsibility, have been quite as bad as his vices. A more interesting reason for decline is psychological, a point on which Roberts strongly insists. The white man's tools, cheap cloth, and other appurtenances of a high civilization made the lazy natives still lazier. Why? Simply because it is much easier to chop down a tree or lop off branches for a hut with a good steel ax than with a stone ax. It is far easier to spend a day gathering cocoanuts and exchange them for the white man's cotton cloth than to skin the bark from a tree and slowly and painstakingly soak it, pound it, and split it into thin layers from which a dress can be made. In a hundred other ways the white man's mode of life made things easy for the islanders. At the same time, the white man put an end to one of the chief occupations, namely fighting. That left the natives with little or no occupation except religious ceremonies and dances, debauchery, and idle talk. When these pall, the islanders often brood over their own decline. They see how strong the white man is; they feel their own impotence; they long for the old life with its wars. Moreover, they see that the taboos, or tapus as Mr. Roberts puts it, which have been the dominant factor in their lives are senseless, for the white man breaks them with impunity. The whole basis of their lives has vanished; they lose faith in everything and gradually fade away.

In sketching the history of the islanders, Mr. Roberts dismisses the explorers briefly; he praises the missionaries highly even though some of them at first did harm by essaying the impossible task of Europeanizing their converts. Today they stand in the forefront as advocates of what Mr. Roberts regards as the most essential of all steps in rehabilitating the islanders, namely industrial education along native lines. This, together with present proprietorship of the land and a system of indirect government in which the natives have a vital share, will do more than anything else to repair the harm done by Europeans. The worst harm was done by the early traders—irresponsible, reckless, and often brutal—who cared nothing for the natives. Today, however, even the commercial organizations generally realize that their own prosperity and that of the islands go together. The governments, as well as the missionaries and merchants, have radically

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Carved in tulip and teakwood by Alec Miller, distinguished Scotch sculptor.

changed their policies. At first, under the influence of the idea that all men are free and equal, they simply kept their hands off and let things happen, which meant that the natives were terribly abused. "Blackbirding" or the stealing of the natives for work on plantations was one of the commonest occurrences. Then the governments tried "direct" rule, running everything themselves and trying vainly to keep the natives in the straight and narrow way by force. Now the general policy is "indirect" rule, a strong European government at the top, but native officials ruling by native methods as far as possible.

In summing up his results Mr. Roberts says that: "Enforced agricultural production is the safeguard of native existence and progress, and, according to many experts, the *only* safeguard. . . . The chief difficulty is not so much a lack of aptitude as laziness. . . . The idle and feckless disposition of the native makes the matter very difficult." The disinclination of the islanders to work has made it inevitable that the white man should introduce Asiatic laborers on the plantations which he insists on establishing. Mr. Roberts is quite hopeful as to the results of such importation, which he discusses fully in respect to Fiji and Hawaii. Perhaps he is right, but may not the increase of Asiatics ultimately destroy the natives? There is not much to criticize in this book, for it is mainly a clear, dispassionate statement of facts. It does not captivate the reader, nor arouse his opposition, but it gives him a solid basis for drawing his own conclusions.

Lion Feuchtwanger, the author of "Power," is the real author of a series of impressions of the United States, done in verse, which appeared recently in Germany as "J. L. Wetcheek's American Song Book." The curious pseudonym is a play on the author's proper name. *Feucht* in German means wet or moist, and *Wange* is the word for cheek.

A Spiritual Baedeker

EUROPE. By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

ON a cold evening, last December, I boarded the *Dresden* off Cherbourg on my way to New York. Warmth and food were my two pressing needs and I hurried to the dining-room. The *table d'hôte* was over and I sat down to a solitary dinner. Hardly had I begun when a tall man, clad in a heavy fur coat, his head covered with a Russian fur cap, sat down by my side and, in a Spanish too dizzying for any grammatical inaccuracies to be apparent, greeted me with evident satisfaction. It was Count Keyserling. I had met him several years earlier in Geneva, when I made one of a crowd of listeners in the rooms of his countryman, Baron Heyking.

"I did not know you spoke Spanish," I said surprised.

"Neither did I," he answered promptly. "I am finding it out now. You are the first Spaniard I ever met. Then I went to Spain. . ."

"Yes. I know. I read about your speeches in the dailies, and I even read them in the *Revista de Occidente*. But you did not stay long. . ."

"About a week. But that is quite enough, with a little reading. . ."

He spoke fluently, though angling for a word now and then, and at times fishing it out of Italian, as is common with those who try to speak these two languages which are so different in spirit yet so similar in structure. I made a statistical investigation of his linguistic accomplishments. In his home, Russian, German, and French were equally spoken, so he started life with three languages. He knows Italian well, English very well, and Spanish enough to address an audience. I may be forgetting other tongues he has at his command. But the number of his languages is but one of his linguistic virtues. The speed with which he speaks them is perhaps more wonderful still. Italian and French are naturally swift languages. Spanish can be stimu lated beyond its natural dignified pace. Monosyl labic English also admits of speedy treatment. Bu to hear Count Keyserling rattle off German at hundred words a minute—which means a wondrous number of letters a second—calls forth such visions of speed and mass in strange amalgamation that one dreams of a motor lorry designed as a Rolls Royce, with nickeled fittings and an engine a thousand elephant power strong.

* * *

He gave me his latest book to read, a copy of "Das Spectrum Europas," in its German—and original—edition, not then out, in fact so dead a secret that I had to peruse it in hiding or covering the precious thing with other less shy productions such as Maurois's "Disraeli." Now, however, that an American publisher has issued the book, I am, I suppose, free to express my own impression of that fascinating work.

It is undoubtedly a Rolls Royce of thousand elephant power. Its swiftness is amazing. Its massiveness likewise. Its American publishers describe it as "a spiritual Baedeker of Europe," and they are right if they mean what they imply: a guide book for those who travel spiritually across the spirit of Europe as quickly (spiritually) as the Baedeker tourist travels in the flesh. That sort of a cicerone, Count Keyserling surely is. But if you want to travel spiritually at his pace you need a swift spiritual car. The book will be most successful with intuitional people. It will be particularly enjoyed by intelligent women—to whichever sex they may happen to belong.

I warn women not to imagine any irony in my words. I have myself a fair proportion of woman in my composition—as every artist is bound to have—and was therefore able to enjoy Count Keyserling's book as much as any *manwoman* (let me coin the word to get rid of the nuisance of sex in the human being). It was a delight mixed with—and enhanced by—irritation. For, time and again, I found Count Keyserling saying and thinking things which I had thought and said myself, and yet, of course, with different emphasis, so that I felt like a composer whose symphony is being played out of rhythm and even at times out of tune. I had just sent back to the printer the proofs of my "Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards,"—indeed, was working on the index of my book while reading his. And

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it so happened that Count Keyserling's work begins with England, France, and Spain—my theme all over again.

And my way of looking at it also. For Keyserling's way is the way of intuition, that is to say, a devil-may-care acceptance of risks without which, in thought, in passion, or in action, achievement is not possible beyond the backyard of domesticity. As you see, I assume success for myself as well as for Keyserling. That may be the result of his influence, for I am less prone than he is to be sure of my own opinions, being more of a relativist and belonging moreover to a race which carries with it its own negation. There is little of negation, indeed of doubt, about the splendid assurance of Count Keyserling. Whether it be his Turanian blood, or his aristocratic pedigree, or deeper causes, he does not so much think as know. If I understand him rightly, he considers himself as a magician in the sense in which he defines the word in his searching and original "Jesus der Magier," that is, as the representative of the world-sense in the sphere of manifestation. Much as I agree with the interpretation of life which underlies such a view, I confess to more pessimism as to the capacity for error which man can evince. Nor can I say that, in my opinion, Count Keyserling's book is altogether free from the obvious errors of the "personal equation." I could not quote any—nor even dwell on them—without appearing to give undue weight to the negative side of a book so full of positive creative substance and quality. Count Keyserling regards the world of nations with such depth of meaning and spiritual significance, and he describes it so superbly well, that it matters little whether here and there he mistakes a hill for an ant-heap or treads heavy-footed over ground too frail to support the weight of his philosophy. His book should be read as a stimulant, not as a statement; for inspiration, not for information.

* * *

Both subject and manner are in tune with our age. The fact that matters, wrote Nietzsche—the John the Baptist of the nineteenth century—is that God is dead. The fact that matters, says the twentieth century, is that Man is reborn—the first stage towards the rebirth of God. We men of the twentieth century see the world as the world of man; and any philosophy that does not make things live in man is for us not merely incomprehensible but dead. Count Keyserling is one of those twentieth-century minds who are recreating the world in man and man in the world. A great work, and worthy of none but free souls.

Count Keyserling is remarkably free, so free that it would be easier to enumerate the few directions in which his mind is still fettered by prejudice than to attempt a description of his otherwise unbounded freedom. He describes himself as: "First and foremost, myself; second, an aristocrat; third, a Keyserling; fourth, a Westerner; fifth, a European; sixth, a Balt; seventh, a German; eighth, a Russian; ninth, a Frenchman. . ." and in a sense, since definition is limitation, the list might do (duly corrected for errors of personal equation) for an enumeration of his prejudices. Chief amongst them,—or at any rate, the most noticeable, perhaps because the least expected,—is an undercurrent of post-war animus which turns up in the oddest corners of the book and on the whole dims the usual brilliancy of the author when he deals with France or Belgium. Are we to discern here yet another sign of the curious massiveness of this swift spirit? Can it be that the magician had incarnated somewhat too heavily and is carrying too weighty a burden of flesh for his generous heart? ". . . actually," he says in his essay on Europe, "I feel myself identical only with my spiritual essence, and see in my corporeal being only the raw primary material." We readers are at liberty to take this statement with a grain of psychological salt, bearing in mind the prominence which the ego takes in his work. We are far from reproaching him for living "in indecent intimacy with himself," a taunt made in an English review of one of his books and which rightly (though not without a touch of sensibility, which confirms our own views as to his ego) he turns into account in his analysis of England. But we do observe in him a tendency to see the world not so much in himself—which is not only legitimate but inevitable—as *through* himself, which is, to say the least, unwise. At times, Keyserling-the-Spirit is hard at work trying to see through Keyserling-the-Flesh. And, be it said in honor of the spirit, he does not always fail.

For, on the whole, the book is a triumph. Swedes and Swiss, Belgians and Dutch, women, some Spaniards, in spite of the generous and penetrating wisdom wherewith he discerns the significance of Spain's rebirth to world influence, Americans—if narrow-minded—and Bolsheviks—if sensitive—may find fault with him. But his imagination is nevertheless inspiring and creative. His is a work rich in true historical sense (with a formidable emphasis on "true"), i. e., the sense which seeks to understand the life of the world not as a chain of causes and effects forged by patient and unimaginative fact-smiths, but as a work of creative imagination unfolded before our wondering eyes by an artist free though not capricious, always new though for ever the same.

Midsummer Night's Books

GOOD detective stories, in spite of the halloos of boblishers and Crime Clubs, do not very often "permit themselves the luxury of occurring," to borrow a phrase from Mr. Earl Derr Biggers's Charley Chan, the Honolulu sleuth. But among recent volumes in that genre, Mr. Biggers's own, "Behind That Curtain (Bobbs-Merrill: $2), can honestly be recommended. It is not quite *tête de cuvée:* the absolute connoisseur in these matters may consider Mr. Biggers just a trifle too jocose. But Mr. Elmer Davis's immortal blurb is not to be forgotten. "This man Biggers, God bless him," cried Mr. Davis, "is the Emily Post of mystery writers. He does everything that should be done, when and as." Charley Chan, the humorous Hawaian, is a member of our own secret group of favorite detectives, who include Hulbert Footner's Madame Storey, Chesterton's Father Brown, and Austin Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke.

Not to know Dr. Thorndyke, let one add, is not to know perhaps the most carefully established crime savant since Sherlock Holmes. We have not kept pace with recent Thorndykiana, but we've reread (in hot weather) two of the older ones, "The Mystery of Angelina Frood," and "The Red Thumb Mark" (Dodd, Mead; $2 each). We admit to a considerable affection for Dr. Freeman's tales: he has followed Dr. Doyle's lead with much skill, notably in building up his drapes and props; so much so that Thorndyke's chambers at 6A Kings Bench Walk, Inner Temple, begin for us to have something of the good reality and visibility of immortal old 221B Baker Street. As is the case with most British authors, we fear, Austin Freeman probably does not read proofs for his American editions, so that some errors creep in. On page 138 of "Angelina Frood" is a serious misprint: there is a word on that page that should be altered to its exact opposite; but spotting such things is a good test of a competent reader of D. T.'s (Detective Tales). And in "The Red Thumb Mark" (p. 150) a London street which this deponent happens to know well, is misspelled. But we enjoy correcting such small slips. In the case of Angelina Frood the reader will get as far as p. 211 (of a 312 page book) before he feels any symptoms of suspicion as to the guilty party; and even so the revelation on p. 276 will probably remain a thrilling surprise. Austin Freeman is an ace in these matters; you feel safe in his hands; there is a little too much irrelevant love-making; but you always find *curb* spelled *kerb,* just as it was when Sherlock was king of them all.

The Dodd, Mead imprint, incidentally, has long been a pretty good hallmark in detective and mystery stories. When you see one with that publisher's name on the back you can usually depend upon it. Somewhere in the editorial offices of that firm is some hard-faced Legree who Understands. He knows the rather exacting requirements of us conooshers of crime. Or perhaps it's a lady (I met a lady in Dodd, Mead's, as Keats might have said; her hair was long, her foot was light, and her eyes were wild). Anyhow, here's looking towards him or her; and don't let the always perennial but now raging vogue of the D. T. hustle you into boblishing any second-raters. Agatha Christie's new one, "The Mystery of the Blue Train," (Dodd, Mead: $2) gets by all right. Agatha is uneven: "Roger Ackroyd" was O. K., though tricky; "The Secret of Chimneys" was tripe. Mrs. Christie must be careful about her American millionaires. "Durned" is her idea of their favorite adjective. The conductor doesn't make up the berths on the Blue Train, it's the car-attendant; and masks and wigs entering the tale (as early as pp. 10 and 13) are a little discouraging. But it's readable, quite readable. You won't suspect anything until p. 97, and you won't be certain-sure until p. 248 (of a 306 page book). That's good enough. Hercule Poirot is always agreeable. But when in doubt, stick to Dr. Thorndyke.

* * *

"The Seven Sisters," by Jean Lilly (E. D. Dutton: $2), is a mystery story written with unusual charm—"a story of cultured crime" is the publisher's amusing description of it. We aren't familiar with the name of Jean Lilly, but she is a nice person and conveys a genuine feeling of horror and apprehension. Heartily recommended.

Incidentally, among hot-weather re-readings we fell upon Robert H. Davis's "Over My Left Shoulder," a series of reminiscent anecdotes by that prince of editors and eccentrics. (Appleton: $2.) Has anyone pointed out that in this miscellaneous handful of rock-salt tossed off by benevolent old Bob there are three or four very brilliant crystals? The story of Lincoln's life mask (p. 340) deserves to be included in every collection of Abeiana, it is pure art and pure truth. The anecdote of how Davis ran O. Henry to earth and found him in shirtsleeves eating Bartlett pears from a washbasin of cracked ice, is also a granule of felicity; and the story of the handshake with blind Pulitzer. In one of his lantern slides Mr. Davis seems to imply that R. W. Emerson was a teetotaller and ignorant of drink: No, no, dear Bob; Emerson wrote some of the best poems about wine ever penned north of New Haven.

* * *

Speaking of short stories: I see some huzzas uttered about a new Canadian writer, Mr. Morley Callaghan, whose work I haven't yet read. But it moves me to ask why the work of another writer, a veteran now, whose name begins similarly and who also once wrote about Canada, is so little alluded to nowadays? I mean, of course, Morley Roberts. How delighted I was when the Everyman Library reprinted his "The Western Avernus"—oh a grand book, ranging from ranching in Texas to railroad building in the Canadian Rockies and hell's own hardships in San Francisco. That was back in '84 and '85, not long after Stevenson's California purgatory. Every Pullman traveller on the C. P. R. should read that book and learn what life was like for men who laid tracks through the Rockies; and I wonder if the librarian in New Westminster, British Columbia, knows the passage about his library? Look it up, you librarians, who are raising funds for the A. L. A., and read (you Californians) his description of the Pacific as first seen near Crescent City.

Morley Roberts's short stories have never had their due: in his volume "The Grinder's Wheel" (obtainable in a little Thomas Nelson edition) you will find some extraordinarily beautiful and masculine things; on a par with Kipling, some have thought. In his narratives of travel and wild nature he is confrère of W. H. Hudson and Cunninghame Graham; his humorous sea yarns are always re-readable and are based on actual focsle experience. One of his most extraordinary books, "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," now out of print far too long, is of course a thinly disguised fiction based on the curious domestic career of his friend George Gissing. Alfred Knopf republished "Rachel Marr" a few years ago, and did not have much luck with it, I believe. But a writer whose work was deeply admired by W. H. Hudson, Cunninghame Graham and George Gissing deserves more attention from our young lions of the press.

P. E. G. Q.

The Saturday Review
of Literature

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A Great Courtier

THE SEVENTEENTH EARL OF OXFORD (1550-1604). From Contemporary Documents. By B. M. WARD. London: John Murray. 1928.

Reviewed by ESTHER SINGLETON

EDWARD DE VERE, Seventeenth Earl of Oxford, has been for centuries the least known and the most cruelly misjudged of all the great Elizabethans. The general impression has been that Edward de Vere was an eccentric personage of disgraceful character and boorish manners, atrociously rude to Sir Philip Sidney on the occasion of the famous Tennis Court quarrel and at odds with his father-in-law, Lord Burleigh. Indeed Froude described him as "Burleigh's ill-conditioned son-in-law."

So far back as 1872, Dr. A. B. Grosart, in a preface to a small collection of Lord Oxford's poems, regretfully remarked: "An unlifted shadow somehow lies across his memory." This "shadow" has happily now been lifted by B. M. Ward, a new English historian, who, after five years of research among unpublished manuscript records, has produced a scholarly and fascinating biography of the man who was "second only to the Earl of Leicester as chief favorite of the Queen."

Every statement in this biography is based on recorded facts, the sources of which are documents in the British Museum, the Public Record Office, the Bodleian Library, and the unique collection of manuscripts at Hatfield House, from which treasury, by permission of the Marquess of Salisbury (a descendant of Lord Burleigh), many important letters are here printed for the first time. Among other matters of importance Burleigh's own letters prove the falsity of the long supposed enmity between him and Edward de Vere. Indeed, in one letter Burleigh says of Lord Oxford: "I do honor him so dearly from my heart as I do my own son. I take comfort in his wit and knowledge grown by good observation."

The frontispiece-portrait (from the Duke of Portland's estate, Welbeck Abbey), painted in Paris when Edward de Vere was twenty-five, shows a proud, handsome, aristocratic, and distinguished young man with a clear, honorable, high-minded, and intellectual countenance, large, intelligent, and observant eyes and a mobile, sensitive mouth, sweet and tender in expression. He is dressed in the height of taste and fashion and wears his clothes with elegance. It is easy to understand how he became a favorite with Queen Elizabeth.

A dashing and fascinating person, this Edward de Vere, excelling in all the accomplishments of the day,—a superlative dancer, a skilled musician, a marvellous horseman, a winner of tournaments, a brilliant linguist, a writer of polished verse, a splendid actor, and an *élégant* in dress and manners. Therefore, it is not surprising that he captured the hearts of the belles and beauties in his large circle of relatives and friends.

Oxford was born to the purple. His father was Lord Great Chamberlain and his mother a Maid of Honor to Queen Elizabeth. At their death the young Earl (representing an Earldom of six hundred years) was made a Royal Ward and for eight years he lived at Cecil House, under the guardianship of Lord Burleigh. His position was strange: by birth and training a scion of the old aristocracy, by circumstance an associate of the self-made leaders of the new order of things—Burleigh and Bacon—two warring factions presided over by the enigmatic Queen Elizabeth. Oxford was, therefore, caught into all the entanglements of this great and formative age of intrigue and performance. The thread of his life—now dark, now golden—is woven through the tapestry of the period, both as a man of action and as a man of letters. As a man of action he saw service under the Earl of Sussex on the Scotch Border; he attempted to rescue the Duke of Norfolk from the Tower; he was a promoter of Frobisher's adventures for the discovery of the "North West Passage"; he fitted out a ship against the Spanish Armada in 1588 and took part in the fighting; he bore the Golden Canopy over Queen Elizabeth at the St. Paul's Thanksgiving in 1588; and he served as Privy Councellor to King James I.

Literature was the passion of his life. Tutored by his uncle, Arthur Golding (whose translations from Ovid were prolifically used by Shakespeare), he received a degree at Cambridge University at the early age of fourteen, became Master of Arts at Oxford at the age of fifteen, and at the age of seventeen was admitted to Gray's Inn. In the midst of dancing, feasting, and all court revelries, he found time for writing.

His first essay seems to have been a learned and graceful preface in Latin prose to a Latin translation from the Italian of Castiglione's "Il Cortegiano"; of which six years later Gabriel Harvey wrote to Oxford: "Let that courtly epistle, more polished even than the writings of Castiglione himself, witness how greatly thou dost excel in letters." Thenceforward Oxford is found publishing at his own expense many productions of his contemporaries, writing serious verse, supporting companies of actors, leasing the Blackfriars Theatre, providing the Queen with dramatic entertainments, acting in plays, and, in short, taking so large a part in the intellectual life of the period that it is safe to say he was one of the leading spirits of the magnificent period of literary achievements, particularly of the drama. There are many contemporary eulogies of Oxford as a playwright. For example, Francis Meres said in "Palladis Tamia" (1598): "The best for Comedy among us be Edward Earl of Oxford"; and Lord Lumley in "The Art of English Poesie" (1589) wrote:

> And in her Majesty's time that now is are sprung up another crew of courtly makers (i. e. poets Nobleman and gentlemen of Her Majesty's own servants) who have written excellently well as it would appear if their doings could be found out and made public with the rest, of which number is first, that noble gentleman Edward, Earl of Oxford.

From 1589 to 1604 Lord Oxford lived in retirement, still drawing his extraordinarily large annuity for some unspecified service to the Queen. He had now married for a second time, Elizabeth Trentham, Maid of Honor to the Queen, and was engaged in literary pursuits.

On ringing down the curtain Mr. Ward concludes with an epitaph preserved among the Harleian Manuscripts: "Edward de Vere, only son of John, born the 12th day of April 1550, Earl of Oxenford, High Chamberlain, Lord Bolbec, Sandford and Badlesmere, Steward of the Forest in Essex, and of the Privy Council to the King's Majesty that now is of whom I will only speak what all men's voices confirm: he was a man in mind and body absolutely accomplished with honorable endowment."

The format is entirely praiseworthy; and the book, notwithstanding its illustrations and maps, is light in weight and pleasant to handle. The binding is dark old rose with the de Vere arms in gold and the moto "*Vero nihil Verius.*" Happily the truth regarding this most distinguished member of a most distinguished race has at last triumphed over calumny and has been put forward in a book that will rank high both as a biography and as a picture of the Elizabethan period.

This Time of Year

(*Continued from page* 1045)

literary paper! But the *Saturday Review* has always striven to relate literature to life. We no more believe that the perusal of books is the be-all and end-all of our readers' lives than we find it of our own. Books are extremely valuable adjuncts to life in various ways. They enable one to "have the run," so to speak, of as many diversely interesting minds as one cares to encounter. They enlarge one's horizons greatly. But in this day and generation we are inclined to drive our minds too fast and too furiously on to the new, with too little retrospect, too little time given to meditation. We need a "breathing-space" for that, and, at this time of year, the need is apt to become a crying one.

Far away from books, for a while, as perspective is restored, and the sound of various furores die, one can reach a point in meditation where one is prepared drastically to reassort one's winter-collected library. The few books of the year that have become one's permanent guides and friends begin to emerge from the many that one would willingly discard. That, at least, is a useful result of this temporary disinclination toward reading. And there are other uses. We begin to perceive many relationships we had not had the time to ponder, many actual trends to which we were purblind when we talked so glibly of trends. It was necessary to be in the forest, and of it, and to familiarize oneself intimately with all glades and thickets. It is no less necessary to extricate oneself for a space and gain again that wide and comprehensive view of it from the hill.

Chaotic China

WITHIN THE WALLS OF NANKING. By ALICE TISDALE HOBART. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $2.25.

Reviewed by STEWART BEACH

THE Nanking affair of March 24, 1927, had all but one of the elements which made history of the Boxer siege at Peking a quarter century before. It lacked suspense. Newspaper correspondents had focused attention upon Shanghai; before interest could be shifted to Nanking, the fifty-two beleaguered foreigners who faced massacre for a day by Nationalist soldiers on Socony Hill were safely berthed upon the British and American warships whose guns had brought their release. Mrs. Hobart, at whose home the siege took place, has now supplied the missing element. In her story of the few short months during which Nationalist armies were marching down the Yangtze toward her terrace above the walls of Nanking, all the suspense of a thrilling adventure tale moves in crescendo to the terse order of the American Consul to his signalman: "Ask for shell fire."

Mrs. Hobart's book is not concerned with solving the problems of China. It stops with the simple, objective record of a vivid chapter in her life. Fortunately, the naval officers had taken the precautionary measure of sending four sailors from the U. S. S. *Noa* to the Hobarts' home. It was the highest point in the city and the only one from which signals could be seen by the warships on the river below. Early on the morning of March 24, when the Nationalists signaled their entry by killing six foreigners, wounding five more, and looting their property, the concentration on Socony Hill began. The American Consul took charge with Mr. Hobart and the two made every effort to pacify the sullen soldiers before ordering the ships to fire. There was no doubt before, and Mrs. Hobart merely confirms the fact, that without the barrage all of the foreigners would have been killed.

"It is for the dispassionate historian to expl why the Nationalist officials responded to the vo of the big guns and not to the voice of the Americ Consul," writes Mrs. Hobart. But what seem at the time not only a tragic, but a stupid, incident has now been explained. The Nationalist party was already split between Communists and conservatives. Mrs. Hobart notes that the soldiers who fired on them were Hunanese. Actually, they were part of the sixth army, sent down from Communist Hankow for the express purpose of killing foreigners and destroying property in the hope of discrediting conservative Chiang Kai-shek, generalissimo of the armies, with the Powers. Shortly after the episode on Socony Hill, Chiang definitely proved his authority and the Communists were discredited.

Among the many books on China, Mrs. Hobart's stands out as a distinctly valuable contribution toward an understanding of the past two years. Mrs. Florence Ayscough has prefaced it with a restrained and effective picture of the social order upon which the old empire rested for its tens of centuries. Mrs. Hobart's story is a dramatic detail of the chaotic picture which resulted when the supports were torn down. One may regard the Nanking incident as part of an internal struggle in Chinese politics rather than an indication that the Nationalist party, purged now of Communism, is still unfit to rule China as a sovereign nation. But in the powers' discussion of withdrawing from extraterritorial rights Mrs. Hobart's book will stand as a warning, which events since she left Socony Hill have confirmed. The new supports are not yet firmly in place.

The Hawthornden Prize, awarded annually in Great Britain to a work of imaginative literature by an author under forty-one years of age, has gone this year to "Tarka the Otter," by Henry Williamson. Mr. Williamson has long had the esteem of his fellow craftsmen, by whom he has been likened to W. H. Hudson, but his previous works have had a limited public. Apropos of this book, which has won the prize, the *London Observer* says: "The Hawthornden Prize certainly has its uses as an advertisement. Three of yesterday morning's papers—the *Telegraph*, the *Mail*, and the *Express*—published articles by Henry Williamson, the author of 'Tarka the Otter.'"

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The Bowling Green

Off the Deep End, V

MARBLEHEAD, the font and chrism of New England yachtsmen, was an old story to these others; but all new to the simple chronicler. He rose through the hatch, about six o'clock of that blithe airy morning, and found *Iris* rippling through a strait of bouldered coves. One with several good hours of oblivion behind him looks dispassionately on the vigils of others, so he forbore to chaff the Commodore on the amount of tobacco ashes sprinkled along the cockpit coaming, spoor of the commander's all-night watch. The P. R. was making himself so busy and helpful about the deck that one suspected he also had gone shut-eye and was but newly revived. "You can take the jib in," were the Commodore's exact words at 6.18, in a tone worthy of Cabot. There was more than just the due severity of great commanders in this long vigil of his. I think he had wished to spare his new ship the embarrassment of publicly arriving in so tony a harbor under jury rig. As Emily Post, if her stocking should choose to run, so (I divine) would *Iris* have felt to appear under trysail opposite the verandah of the Eastern Yacht Club. So, in the morning hush, while even the lobsters destined for Marblehead's luncheon were hardly alert, we stole in among many handsome craft and let go our hook. 4 days 19 hours 35 minutes we reckoned our passage. It was duly logged, with a small private ceremonial. The Commodore, pipe still in mouth, crawled in under the folds of canvas that filled his bunk and was off soundings at once. The others, in the imperative instinct of family men, went ashore to telephone. The stern and rockbound coast undulated gently beneath them. Bells rang in far away Long Island and all was reported O. K. Tobacco and newspapers were then sought. Teetering a little on the floor of a rustic pharmacy they read that a Miss Earhart had just flown from Boston to Halifax in five hours.

* * *

In the differential calculus of such beachcombers, family and tobacco were obviously the primary items; but these verified, next came a strong hankering for a bath. There was plenty of water handy, but it looked (and felt) unbearably chill. Across the harbor lay the luxurious quarters of the Eastern Yacht Club. Thither, with the *lavabo* cry of the psalmist, aspired the hearts of P. R. and the chronicler. Y. G., who had been up all night, asked nothing better than to be left asleep where he had fallen, in a dinghy pulled up on the public dock. But we prodded him up, assuring him that it was not well to sleep in a full beam of sun. For without him we had no clear title to the desiderated tub. The Commodore, a member of the Club, might not be disturbed. But Y. G., affiliated to our commander, might rank as a member-in-law. To him we clung; kept vigorously nudging him awake in the soft drowsy air of June, and so made good our course into the very bathroom of the clubhouse. The Messrs. Shanks themselves, in Barrhead's deepest porcelain, never had happier ablution.

One must not melodramatize what were, after all, only very small adventures; but still the happenings of a man's mind are his own and subject to no alien supervision. In that Monday forenoon stillness, a James Russell Lowell sort of morning, in the very tissue and entity of seemly Massachusetts, we had the broad club verandah to ourselves. How green and trim was the lawn, where some sail were bleaching; how polished the brass cannon above the landing stage. On the club beach some baby brahmins, well supervised by excellent nursemaids, played with a docility rarely found in the rude urchins of Paumanok. They were making sand patties, but only to pass away the time until old enough to go to Harvard or Wellesley. The big framed chart of members' burgees, including that of the King of Spain, reminded us that for the moment we were not just sunburned casuals, we were Yachtsmen. Life seemed to be solved. Where were those cold yeasts of sea, those glimmering slopes of jade and crystal with darkness written on them? Across far water there was pointed out the blue horizon of what is called (I believe) the North Shore, home of the great mandarins of Massachusetts. There were yachts with surprising newfangled gear, such as a kind of propped-up mast; there were motor boats with evident Rolls Royce blood in them, with glass windshields and double rudders. There was a great glass case of silverware, racing prizes. The world rode at anchor and the sea said nothing. We made comfortable arcs in rocking chairs and watched our tall white *Iris* where the Commodore lay sleeping in his canvas niche.

* * *

Our consort the *Duenna*, a stout and sea-kindly power boat, met us at Marblehead. The wind was light and contrary, so she took us in tow. There were still three days, but they were of a quite different psychology and require no special exegesis. Except when the *Duenna* (admirably named, for she chaperoned us as though *Iris's* virtue were of the frailest) left us to dart into various ports for fuel, we made the rest of the voyage at the end of a line; and a ship in tow is a mere somnambulist. This is not to say there were not many pleasures to ponder. It would be a breach of manners not to pay tribute to the dinner prepared by the resuscitated steward after we had got through the Cape Cod Canal. That night Lazarus laughed indeed. The Commodore, after a long sleep as we towed down toward the Cape, roused about 6, lit his pipe, and stated that things were looking up. He then made a further pronouncement, in regard to evening mess, that imbedded in the minds of his Able Seamen and shone there like a jewel. Hours went by, and these latter began to wonder whether this utterance had been forgotten. Perhaps it had been only a sleepy ejaculation, the syllables of a mind still half in dream. To inquire or remind would obviously have been unseemly; yet as time went on and we approached the fragrant Canal, sweet in the twilight with aromas of sea-grasses, weedy rocks, tidal mud, sand and pine-gum and all juniper and huckleberry relishes, the younger set looked at each other anxiously. To show how ardently the mind may occupy itself with small matters, I admit that as the Commodore stood cheerfully on the after deck I kept my left ear (which hears better than the right) turned toward him, not to miss the faintest allusion to The Topic. With my left ear I heard him say something; and when Y. G. asked me anxiously "D'you suppose he's forgotten," I was able to report that he had not.

The Cape Cod Canal, by the way, now run by Uncle Sam, seems one of the rare instances of fewer formalities when a Public Work is taken over by the federal government. In the old days of private ownership there was much more detail, fees to pay and whatnot. Now they simply ask you the length of the ship and that's all.

It was getting on towards 9 o'clock, but the Commodore hadn't forgotten. By the time we anchored off Monument Beach for the night—a quiet rainy night, perfect for sleep—we had sent fresh broiled mackerel and strawberry shortcake to their manifest destiny. We sat and ate and palavered in a tranquil glow that was not just the light of our lantern. I shall not be excessive on this topic, but the last two days were very largely concerned with grub. We had four or five empty days to catch up with. Now that there was little navigating to consider, almost at any moment some member of the company could be found eating. The P. R. discovered some marmalade among the stores, and remained at table long after all others. "I haven't been eating enough marmalade in the last three or four years" was his excuse.

* * *

So with the agile *Duenna* running ahead of us like a cottontail rabbit, kicking up a plume of spray and exhaust, we came swift along. We picked up the familiar landmarks of the Sound one by one, including the two desolate masts in Fisher's Island Sound. They testify tragedy where some shipmaster missed the channel by only some 50 yards. Inland waters give one plenteous parable. The habituated landsman thinks of large bodies of sea water as a liquid subject to embarrassing up-and-down movement, but fairly stable on its base. But—as the Bay of Fundy or Long Island Sound itself will promptly tutor you—these vast masses are excessively fluid and move to and fro in the most surprising fashion. A little study of Current Tables and Tide Diagrams is highly illuminating; or a glimpse of the tide boiling through the Race, between New London and New Haven. And why, I've often wondered, does the Department of Commerce get so little acclaim for its quiet, faithful and endless work in keeping buoys, beacons and bells in constant A1 service? Consider the lives and property daily and nightly confided unquestioning to these safeguards we all take for granted as we do the phenomena of stars and weather. An occasional halloo of gratitude would not be amiss. So we thought as we saw one of the Sound lightships—the Cornfield, I think it was—under tow, on her way back to replace her substitute, after some refitting I suppose. It was an odd sight, and (in the very expressive habit of ships) she had a rather surprised and shamefaced air, like a respectable matron being escorted home after a spree.

* * *

It was late in our last afternoon, our eighth day from Central Wharf. The sun came out warm and handsome, and as good commuters should we made the home waters about 6 p. m. As we entered Cold Spring Harbor we came into summer. Like stepping into a greenhouse we sailed into the warm spice of Long Island June. An astonishment of rich velvety scent, so palpable we exclaimed in surprise. There was mown grass in the air, rhododendron, lilac, arbutus, moist oak woods. We were too Saxon perhaps to say much about it, but I think a sort of Long Island patriotism took hold of us. This was something we understood and had, for a few days, almost forgotten. This was not the hard beauty of those northern granites, nor even the demure propriety of Massachusetts. The rocks were not so cold a gray; the trees not so austerely evergreen; the sands of Lloyd's Neck were warm and yellow. In the harbor the dainty little fleet of many colored sailboats hovered like butterflies. As we came ashore we heard the twitter of birds. "Gosh," said the P. R., bursting into a perspiration, "before we eat, the Commodore will have to let me get out of this Halifax underwear."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

To carry on its work of promoting and improving library service, the American Library Association has immediate need of four million dollars. One million of this sum is already available. Another million, the Association believes, is in sight if it can raise a million by its own efforts. New memberships, because they contribute to its annual income, will be accepted at a capitalized value of 20 to 1 toward the million dollars. A sustaining membership at $100 a year, for example, will be considered as equivalent to a gift of $2,000. Almost a quarter of the second million has already been raised, leaving a balance of approximately $800,000 to be secured. This is the equivalent of 400 sustaining memberships at $100 a year, capitalized. An opportunity to turn a million dollars into library channels is presented in a plan which provides: 1. That the person interested sign a pledge to become a Sustaining Member of the American Library Association at $100 a year *if a sufficient number of signers be secured to complete the project.* 2. That no money be paid at the time of signing. 3. That when 400 signers have been secured, each signer will be called upon to redeem his pledge to pay $100 a year as a Sustaining Member of the American Library Association. In other words, upon the investment of your $100 a year—contingent upon the agreement of 399 others to invest the same amount—one million dollars will be diverted into library service channels.

"Ruskin was a predecessor of Mr. G. K. Chesterton as candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "but he returned a characteristic reply to the students who dared to question him about his political sympathies. 'What, in the devil's name, have you to do with either Disraeli or Gladstone?' he demanded. 'You are students at the University, and you have no more business with politics than you have with rat-catching. Had you ever read ten words of mine with understanding you would have known that I care no more for Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes with the drones going by steam, but that I hate all Liberalism as I hate Beelzebub, and that with Carlyle I stand, we two alone now in England, for God and the Queen.'"

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Books of Special Interest

Healthy Philosphy

CONSTRUCTIVE CITIZENSHIP. By J. P. JACKS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by FRANCIS G. PEABODY

UNDER this rather formidable title Dr. Jacks offers some delightful reading. His Glasgow lectures represent, in mature and convincing form, the philosophy of life wrought out of wide experience by a "spiritually-minded man of the world." The same vivacious and sparkling style which have commended his earlier writings to great numbers of readers is again exhibited, but there is less disguise of his serious intention, and a more systematic and academic form of statement. To announce so comprehensive a topic as "Constructive Citizenship," and to approach it with so human, intimate, and even playful a touch, are of themselves evidences of mastery, and leave with the reader an impression, not only of sanity and wisdom, but of confidence and charm.

Dr. Jacks approaches the problem of "thinking about citizenship" by distinguishing between "space-thinking," or the observation of things as a spectacle, a picture, or a machine, and "time-thinking," or the observation of things in motion, as lasting, as "going on." "Space-thinking" sees things as they are; it is a point of view; it photographs life; "time-thinking" sees things as they might be or are going to be; it asks what is to happen next. Space-thinking "runs to prose"; time-thinking to poetry, or to music, "which is poetry with the words left out." We exist in space, but we live in time.

⁂ ⁂

This distinction between "space-thinking" and "time thinking" is applied in successive chapters to the whole area of constructive citizenship. Much social reform proposes a new programme, a change of system, a puting of new cloth on old garments. It is space-thinking,—the view of human society as a thing to be built rather than an organism to grow. Constructive citizenship, on the other hand, begins, not with a new programme but with a new spirit; "the pursuit of excellence, the search for abiding values." It regards the world not as sick, and as a subject of social pathology, but rather as manifesting vitality enough to resist the diseases which attack it and to respond to the faith of the time-thinker.

His primary interest will be to reinforce the social body at the points which show signs of healthy life: doctoring the centres of disease will become secondary. Nay, he may even entertain the hope that if reform succeeds in the primary aim of reinforcing the general vitality, society will then throw off a good many of the diseases revealed by the pathologists, with the minimum of recourse to drugs, stimulants, or artificial limbs—whether constitutional or revolutionary.

⁂ ⁂

These preliminary reflections indicate the nature of the following chapters. They are in general terms a summons, not to the mitigation of the maladies of civilization, but to confidence in the capacity for good, for creativeness, skill, scientific method, trusteeship, moral momentum,—the optimism which "sees an opportunity in every difficulty," as opposed to the pessimism which "sees a difficulty in every opportunity." "Social values," "vitalized leisure," "challenge as the keyword of citizenship;" education which "issues into skill of the educated,"—these maxims are vigorously applied to refute the teachings of gloom and of the "Downfall of the West."

"Time-thinking" summons civilization to continuity and growth. "'Let us build a house,' says Space;" "Let us build a house that will last,' says Time." "The kingdom of ends is not a world mapped in space, but a spirit rightly directed in time."

It will at once be recognized that in these admonitions there is much which recalls the virile teachings of Carlyle and Ruskin. The same note of "industrial morality," of "fiduciary responsibility," is heard. The right to responsibility is the outstanding right of the citizen. "He has duties, yes; but the *right to duty* underlies them all." Obvious as this relation to Carlyle and Ruskin appears, Dr. Jacks's doctrine of social morality is more directly influenced by Royce, in his *Philosophy of Loyalty*. To gain the sense of a "Beloved Community" and of the trusteeship involved in it, is to Jacks, as it was to Royce, the task which is to transform industrial civilization from an "enterprise in quantity to an enterprise in quality." "Short of the overarching end, love is a precarious relationship on the lastingness of which we cannot count. It is either a principle of cooperation or a flame which any wind may blow out."

Such a teaching may appear to some minds impracticable and Utopian; but to great numbers of readers it will offer a spiritual tonic. It recognizes the force of "social tension" and the courage needed to meet it. "As the level rises the tension increases." Yet these tensions, as Kant said, "are the means that Nature has ordained for drawing out the highest powers of man." In a word, this fascinating statement of a healthy-minded philosophy of life applies with happy insight the teachings of the Christian apostle, "Let us love one another in *deed*. That is the only love that lasts." "The common will needs strengthening—strengthening to the point when a life of high tension shall present itself to our minds, not as a life to be shunned and run away from, but as a life to be willingly accepted and joyfully embraced—the very life for which man was made and in which alone the satisfaction of his nature is to be found."

Groundwork

THE FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIAL LIFE. By HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1928. $2.75.

Reviewed by FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS and M. U. GADEN, Columbia University

THIS book, the author tells us, is an attempt to "lay the groundwork for the pursuit of study in any or all of the departments of social science." Professor Fairchild has ably qualified for the undertaking. He has given a scholarly presentation of knowledge that, in far too many instances, the student of social relations is not even called upon to consider. Yet the possibilities and limitations of social effort are to be discovered only by means of it. Professor Fairchild's outstanding achievement is the directness with which he comes to the ultimate and the indispensable factors of his problems, and rests his foundations upon them. The terms upon which we live at all are reduced to the fundamental facts of standing-room and food. But, who and what are we? The emphasis of the text upon animal kinship, with particular reference to "the ways of heredity," is groundwork well laid.

Out of an order of things at least intelligible, man, the master, emerges. The nature and trend of mastery of both the physical and the human environment are presented in terms of adaptation. Attention is called especially to the conditions of social adaptation of control. The discussion of the function of morality and of its limitations as a means of social control is one of the most helpful features of the book. Morality is a matter of belief. Social expediency is a matter of science. The moral code should change with the growth and development of society. "In social affairs, at least, truth itself is relative." It can be arrived at only by scientific methods. For its approximation we must rely on the social engineer.

⁂ ⁂

When, however, the author tells us that social constraint must be increasingly by law, it is the state to which he would refer the conflicting interests of society. He cites the eighteenth amendment as a social experiment of this kind. On the question of expediency he offers no opinion. Here is a case in which coercion was believed to be necessary. Since it is a concrete instance of absolutism based on belief, it would have been illuminating if Professor Fairchild had given us an idea of a more scientific solution of the problem. Are we to understand that we have here a case of coercion where "conformity in conduct only is required?" And what if conformity is not obtained? What amount of non-conformity constitutes an opposition to the absolute state which should be subjected to scientific investigation and treatment? Is a bootlegging débâcle no concern of the social engineer? And is non-conformity the only expedient offered those who question the degree of constraint necessary? As the least unctuous of our protagonists might put the matter: Is this one of the laws we make and to some purpose flout here in America?

Professor Fairchild's own attitude toward an absolutist state is set forth when he assures us that conformity in general is required only for the smooth functioning of society. If coercion does not secure that end the need of the expert is indicated. Toward absolutism in any relation in life his bearing is unequivocal. The social engineer, he reiterates, sees all things as relative. No social institution can be regarded by him as too sacred, or established, to be submitted to critical examination, "not monogamy nor monotheism nor the Constitution of the United States." All things, old and new, must be put upon their merits. So only can the problems of society be intelligently and constructively met.

Courtly Verse

ENGLISH VERSE BETWEEN CHAUCER AND SURREY. Being Examples of Conventional Secular Poetry, exclusive of Romance, Ballad, Lyric, and Drama, in the Period from Henry the Fourth to Henry the Eighth. Edited by ELEANOR PRESCOTT HAMMOND. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. 1928. $6.50.

Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN
Vassar College.

EVER since its publication, Miss Hammond's "Chaucer Manual" has been the indispensable Baedeker to the Canterbury pilgrimage. In her long promised anthology of fifteenth century formal verse, she has now placed the student of that period under an equal debt. The book is for the advanced student only; the editor frankly and bravely warns others away. But every library that pretends to completeness in the history of English poetry must have the work.

Only formal verse of the didactic, occasional, or courtly types is included. Even of these some important specimens are omitted because accessible elsewhere. Miss Hammond's volume is almost wholly confined to texts difficult of access. But within her own limits, which every editor has a right to prescribe, there is given a wealth of illustrative material edited with prefaces and notes, bibliographies and references, evincing at all points ripe scholarship and forming an apparatus entirely adequate to comprehension of one of the most perplexing mysteries in the history of English literature, the fallow period that surrounds William Caxton as its central point.

⁂ ⁂

It is the taste of the period indeed that rules in the selection. Lydgate has five times as many pages as Hoccleve, a choice supported by the comparative number of manuscripts in each case. We moderns may find the quaint psychopath five times as readable as the "driveling monk of Bury," but the age was not concerned with the taste of posterity in its choice of poet laureate.

Among the as yet unprinted poems one misses a selection from "Knighthood and Battle," a companion poem to "Palladius," from which selections are given. The former is, however, both more interesting historically and distinctly more poetical. The following stanza describing the fitful channel winds shows that crossings were as dread in 1460 as ever they are today:

Some variance of time will refrain
Their cruelous and fierce rebellion;
Another helpeth them to shake their chain
As all the firmament should fall adown
An Ocean leap over Calais town!
And after, in a while, it is tranquil,
And plain, and calm, as who saith, "Hush, be still!"

As poetry, this stanza challenges anything printed by Miss Hammond in the mode. One wishes also that Greenacre's brilliant "L'Envoy to the Fall of Princes" had been substituted for some other stanzas as a specimen of contemporary literary criticism.

In her general introduction, the editor sketches with entire adequacy the evolution of the fifteenth century stereotypes. Her judgment on the period will be sustained by every patient reader. Some generalizations may seem to sweep too completely across the years, however. Of the prose of the period, she says that "no man arises above an original" between Malory and, among others cited, the King James Bible. This is sure unjust. All that is good in our authorized version goes back a hundred years to William Tyndale, who was no more the stereotype than was his redoubtable rival in controversial prose, Saint Thomas More. Chaucer's mantle fell on shoulders unable to bear it, but with the entire range of fifteenth-century courtly verse before us, the case for literary taste in the period is not quite hopeless.

Children of the Prairie

CONTEMPORARIES: Edited by Roland Kampmeier. Vinton, Iowa: Kruse Publishing Company. 1928. $2 postpaid from Lawrence C. Woodman, R. F. D. No. 4, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. To teachers of English, $1.60 postpaid.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS miscellany is representative of the work done at Coe College, in Iowa, in the Freshman English Classes held by Lawrence C. Woodman, a talented young instructor at present training the young idea in the Middle West. As we open the book we come to an interesting introduction by Jay G. Sigmund, a well-known Middle Western writer, entitled "The Children of the Prairie Speak." He finds freshness and native tang in a good deal of this work. It is indubitably there. A student and contributor, Louis Burkhalter, next prefaces the collection with "Laboratory English: Student Introductory Note," and finally Mr. Woodman himself gives us an enthusiastically turgid preface of his own. Mr. Woodman writes spasmodically. His phrases and sentences tumble over each other and his meaning frequently plays hide-and-go-seek. But out of his torrent of words one patent fact emerges; here is an instructor who finds the teaching of English composition to Freshmen anything but a dry matter. He is exhilarated by it. He will wade stalwartly through reams of written words to find and praise a phrase that excites him. Not in what he says, but in the work that Freshmen students under him have produced, do we find proof that his teaching has been stimulating.

Mr. Woodman, in spite of all the textbooks he cites, had adopted an erratic method of teaching, but it is evident that it has been enthusiastic tutelage, that he has inspired actual creation in language, not mere slavish imitation, that he has made the making of literature something alive and glowing to his classes. There is much work in this miscellany that, quite naturally, is merely prentice stuff, yet there is less cut and dried "theme" material than one would imagine. David Bingham, instance, tells an old story quite e tively in "Tanglewebs," Louis Burkha "theme," "Abalone," is much more and interesting than the usual work of this kind. Paul Engle's "The Faith of a Freshman" is full of individuality. A poem like Robert Gates's "Workman's Compensation" is strongly wrought. The description of the cyclone in Lorenz Shoenbeck's "Iowa July" gives promise. Ronald Kelly's short one-act play, "The Tyranny of Conscience" seems to us the best of the few short plays included and is good work for a Freshman. This is to mention only a very few of the many contributions. Here and there in a number of others, in Ralph Moore's capsule play, "The Kid," in Lenore Gordon's prose fragment, "The Forgotten Woman," in Nelda Truesdell's "An Hour of Revolt," young people speak out with a singular honesty, achieve exactness of expression, lay the foundations for good prose.

It is very encouraging to find such seed of forcible writing as the outgrowth of actual experience being sown in Iowa. This experimentation might do credit to Freshman courses in any of our large Eastern universities. Even where the experiments fail, they fail through the reach exceeding the grasp. Ambition has been instilled, the spark of enthusiasm fanned. Most writers leave behind them early work more crude, and, in general, more banal. These Middle-western freshmen frequently surprise us with sinew and substance in their writing. Theirs is young work and one could make a large catalogue of its various faults. But it is quite probable that a handful of these writers may improve steadily. They have been given the proper unacademic impetus.

The editor of this book is a Freshman at Coe College and his assistants are of the Freshman class. As a textbook for Freshman English it would be an unusual departure, but contemporaries inspire the competition of contemporaries. It might easily prove an excellent stimulant as collateral classroom reading.

In "Amerika und der Amerikanismus" (Jena: Diedrichs), Adolf Halfeld issues a warning to those of his republican countrymen who would take the United States as their model and ideal. He takes up various developments, material and otherwise, in this country which have excited the admiration of Germans, and attempts to show how much there is that is meretricious and dangerous in them.

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Books of Special Interest

A Lay Saint

FRANCESCA ALEXANDER. By CONSTANCE GROSVENOR ALEXANDER. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1927. $7.50.

Reviewed by GORDON HALL GEROULD
Princeton University

ANYONE who is willing, for the sake of what is behind, to peer through a murky veil of sentimentality will discover in this deplorably ill-made book the shadows of at least four extraordinary persons. Francis Alexander, a self-taught painter, had more than common talent. For two or three decades, while Boston was in its nineteenth century prime, he painted portraits there so much more than acceptably that some of them still evoke the dignified presences of the 'forties and 'fifties with memorable power. His wife, in her way, was equally distinguished: a beautiful and spirited girl in her youth, as the evidence of her contemporaries and of her husband's brush bears witness; a domineering matron later, who transplanted to Italy all the vices and virtues of the Bostonian merchant-aristocracy and made for herself a place in Florence on those terms; an indomitable old lady, last of all, who published a book when past ninety and lived to be one hundred and two, dying in 1916. To others than her gifted daughter, her eccentric ways, her courage and her cowardice, her boldness and her prudery, her generosity and her shocking selfishness, probably did more good than harm; and they helped to make Francesca Alexander the saint she seems to have been.

It was on their daughter's account that the Alexanders, in the early 'sixties, went to Italy to live. Fanny had a weak chest, and a talent for singing and painting. Characteristically, but perhaps not unwisely, the parents let their daughter cultivate her gifts in her own way, without much instruction. She wandered about the hills above Florence, developing an exquisite perception of form and color, learning to know the peasants as if they were of her own land; relieving their needs with her pocket-money, reading the New Testament to them, collecting their songs and stories. She sang the songs so delightfully that she was able to amuse her mother's guests with them until she herself was an old and somewhat distinguished woman. Italian landscape and Italian architecture became so essential a background to her that she was always unhappy when she came to America. She got an early and intimate acquaintance with the galleries, limited only by the carefulness of her mother, who took pains to look ahead and tell Fanny when to turn away—as they approached the nude!

Miss Alexander never escaped her mother, except for a few months at the end of her life, but perhaps she was more saintly, as I have suggested, for a long penance that she accepted as a matter of course and as her highest pleasure. She waited on her mother like a slave; she subjected herself to whimsies with rejoicing and to foolish limitations without complaint. She was a pious and solitary little girl, and she grew up to be the devotee of a tiny sect ministered to by a cousin of the Rossettis. Her unbounded charity of heart and purse (for she gave away all she earned from her books and as much more as she could), her austerity of life in circumstances that were in their curious way rather worldly, her fervor of feeling under closest restraint, all mark her as a fit subject for hagiological consideration. In this way she was a truly notable figure.

It accounts for only one side of her, however. She had energy to spare for other things, which were equally important to her life. Without much help, as I have said, she learned to draw; and she made verses and stories to go with some of her drawings. When John Ruskin met her in 1882, she had manuscripts by her, wrought with minutest care, for which he expressed at once characteristic enthusiasm. Out of hand he bought "The Story of Ida," and, a little later, the manuscript of "Roadside Songs in Tuscany"—the latter for six hundred pounds, though he wished to pay a thousand. Through Ruskin Miss Alexander, who had been christened Ethel Frances, became Francesca, and through him she became in her way a celebrated person. Ruskin lectured about her work in Oxford and in London; he saw to it that her books were published. He quoted her in his own books. Her letters to him and his to her are part of the record of his later years. He thought that she exemplified all his principles of art, and he was not alone in his admiration. "Christ's Folk in the Apennines," "Tuscan Songs," and "Hidden Servants" were books of hers published subsequently, while in the volume now under review appears for the first time the English form of a tale called "La Sorellaccia or The Wicked Sister" with four of her illustrations. Though she had no gift for writing English verse, her collections of songs have their value, while her prose has a quality of its own, like her drawings.

The story of these things may be gathered from Miss Constance Alexander's biography, but only with difficulty. Seldom does so bad a book contain such interesting material. It is a pity that Ruskin's Francesca should not have fared better. Possibly some one more competent, if less piously devoted, may later be found to write the history of the strange mother and daughter as it should be written.

Roman Poets

CATULLUS AND HORACE. By TENNEY FRANK. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by C. W. MENDELL
Yale University

THIS volume is written by a historian: Tenney Frank has already given us the best short economic history of Rome. Now he turns to the lyric poets of Rome to continue the literary biographical work that he began with his Vergil. The book has the great essential of being provocative. The fact that it provokes the present reviewer again and again to argument and opposition is nothing in the very least against it.

One thing is very hard to say: whether the book is addressed to scholars only or to the general literary public. I should have said the latter except for the fact that so much of the quoted matter is left in the Latin. If, on the other hand, the book is for the scholar, it seems as though there were much that might be left out and certainly the translations are unnecessary.

Professor Frank presents well the background from which Catullus comes, though it is hard to believe that Catullus was quite the shy, inexperienced youth from the country that he seems to be in this last picture. What Professor Frank says of Verona is undoubtedly true, for no one knows the provinces better than he. But even so, within Verona the Romans must have maintained a miniature Roman society. Catullus undoubtedly had the naive simplicity of a poet but no naive inexperience of the world. If Lesbia bore one of the oldest names of Rome, for that matter so did he, and there is much or little or nothing to be argued from it. The list of his friends is striking, though I should hardly put Cicero among them. If the Cicero poem were a serious one it would add to the problems of the Catullus scholar by its very banality instead of throwing light on one phase of Catullus's work. Catullus was considered by the Romans first of all a writer of epigrams. Martial hailed him as his own *fons et origo*, and Martial is the great perfector of the pointed epigram. In the Cicero epigram of Catullus as well as in the eighth it is possible to find the effect of the surprise point at the end, and this interpretation offers less difficulties than that of ultra-Ciceronian solemnity.

All these are small matters and so is the question of the direct give and take between Horace and Vergil assumed by Frank. They serve, however, to denote a real danger in a literary biography. It is too easy to make much that is biographical out of what a poet has to say in his poems. Horace of all poets likes to take a certain mood or idea and develop it carefully and artistically. It does not mean that this is the governing mood of his life at one period. Furthermore, Horace is first of all, in the Odes, the careful student of Greek forms and types of lyric. Very often, neither mood nor *genre* are his own. Catullus, on the other hand, is full of emotions which will spill over into his verse and should never be taken too seriously.

At the same time the fascination of reconstructing a man's life from what he writes will always hold its appeal, and when the work is done by a master scholar it has real value even for one who disagrees with the results. It brings new life to poets that are well worth knowing better and better, and it never fails to rouse emotion and to lead eventually to permanent results.

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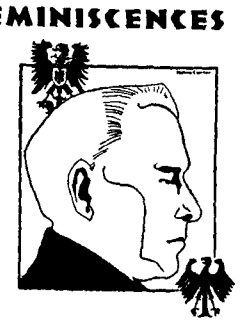

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A French Controversy

By Henry B. Fuller

THE "biographie romancée"—that compromise between history and fiction, or blend of both—is having the time of its life in France and England; and its principal practitioner in our day, M. André Maurois, has become a centre of controversy, with plenty of attackers and plenty of defenders, on both sides of the Channel. This is largely, of course, because he writes in French on English subjects; and it is his very popular "Life of Disraeli" which has given the affair most of its intensity. For the past few months the *Mercure de France* has been the chief field of a rasping polemic: M. Maurois has been charged with plagiarism on a vast and systematic scale, not only in the case of his "Disraeli" but in the case of most of his other works. He has replied *in extenso*. Parallel columns have supplanted the simple page of ordinary usage, and we have the privilege of reading variants from many sources—M. Maurois on the one hand and almost everybody else on the other.

The controversy, originating in Paris, has spread to London. Frank Harris, who feels that his proprietary interest in Oscar Wilde has been attacked by the comprehensive and prehensile Maurois, is out in a vitriolic letter. On the other hand, the late Sir Edmund Gosse wrote Maurois to offer sympathy and support. He was strong for his friend's "originality."

In France, Maeterlinck and André Provost have entered the fray, on different sides. Provost's contribution, the latest to date, is a most amusing and revealing one. He writes as a former schoolmate of Maurois (or of Émile Herzog, to speak with exactitude), during youthful days at Rouen. Even at that early time, Provost declares, Maurois's school exercises were of the same highly eclectic sort that his later productions have been. He instances a *discours*—in seventeenth century style—which, on examination, turned out to be a mosaic of La Fontaine, Racine, and La Bruyère. Small wonder that this investigator is prompted to dwell on Maurois's elegant employment of scissors and paste-pot, and ends by admiring his dexterity more than his invention.

Maeterlinck, that sage in his villa at Nice, is calmer as he unbosoms himself in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*. If one is writing the life of a great English statesman, he says, there are sources, and one's first duty is to refer to them. We must not expect a Disraeli to spring full-armed from the head of his biographer. Maurois, by his verdict, has "bien du talent" and has produced a "fort beau livre."

All the same, the question of the "vie romancée" will not down. M. Maeterlinck himself finds it a hybrid *genre* and complains that he never can tell where the history ends and the romance begins. Then, too, the scissors and the paste-pot are always before one as a temptation and an easy cut. If Anatole France and (even more notoriously) Stendhal have not resisted the temptation, who else can? Perhaps only Flaubert, that noble soul who documented himself endlessy and furiously, but whose works may be searched in vain for a single phrase not entirely his own.

Here is just the trouble. To-day's demands are exigent; to-day's rewards are great. The tempo is faster; retirement for thought, for meditation, for assimilation becomes more difficult. If a writer of biography has a vast, expectant audience to satisfy, and a chair in the Académie Française not far ahead, compilation, even if excused by verve, suppleness, and "originality," offers a direct route that can hardly be refused.

M. Maurois's defense, in the matter of Disraeli, Shelley, and the rest, has been prompt and circumstantial; but it has been pierced. And his appropriations (which indicate a wide reading at least, and a cosmopolitan spirit rare among Frenchmen) are found to have been reaped from a wider field than might have been expected. It is likely enough that his best defense is to be found in his work in quite a different field—one which offers little documentation and which gives the writer and observer free play for his own wits. I mean the field known as the United States of America, and I am referring to the recent series of articles by Maurois on our country—or at least its Eastern seaboard—in *Les Annales*, of Paris. Here we seem to get the real man, uncomplicated by appropriations and accusations. No books in libraries; only actual encounters and first-hand observations. Here we get acuteness, and taste, and worldly-wisdom, and (as always) a clear and charming style.

This last point is worth dwelling upon: those who, in the future, may permit themselves doubts as to the source of this author's matter, can still read him with pleasure and profit for the sake of his admirable diction. In clarity, in a direct simplicity (or what seems such), he appears to be the direct successor of Anatole France himself. Perhaps this is a concern in which (paradoxically) the foreign reader is the best judge. Just as a man whose eyes are not exactly strong is best able to guage the intensity of light, so the man who still reads some sorts of French with a little difficulty can take a fairly good measure of a French writer's degree of clarity and directness. He knows strain—or the absence of it. There is no strain in reading Maurois.

Herein is some satisfaction—even consolation—for an author whose material is not everywhere accepted fully as his own. There is always manner, there is always method; and to praise these is to give a Gallic artist a full half of the recognition he craves. The thing done is no more important than the way the thing is done. The artist-touch is the essential. This helps explain Lindbergh's reception at Le Bourget. He did it, yes; but *how* he did it! The manner of his accomplishment accounted for half the homage; and even now, in this spring of 1928, our young man is still the theme of prose-poems and *nouvelles* in the best of the Paris magazines. Let us, then, try to appreciate artistic work on an artistic basis, that of Maurois included. See him, if you will, as the free borrower, the adapter, the adjuster—but as the artist through all. We need a brief, easy, and sympathetic "Shelley"; we want a convenient, compendious, intelligible "Disraeli"; and we are willing to welcome facile first aid in the case of various other English characters upon whom an outsider's eye may profitably be cast for us. M. Maurois, with a deft hand, arranges an attractive show in a still more attractive showcase: shall we not buy? The answer is ready; we do.

A New Schnitzler

THERESE: CHRONIK EINES FRAUENLEBENS. By Arthur Schnitzler. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag. 1928.

Reviewed by A. W. G. Randall

IN his latest novel Arthur Schnitzler has returned to his earlier manner of writing fiction—that is, to the Maupassant-like realism which marked such a work as the "Weg ins Freie." The result is not so interesting as the two or three preceding works, such as "Fräulein Else" and the "Traumnovelle," which, as was pointed out in these columns at the time of their appearance, really constituted remarkable experiments in the technique of fiction, an intelligent and unpretentious application of the methods of psycho-analysis to the purposes of literary art.

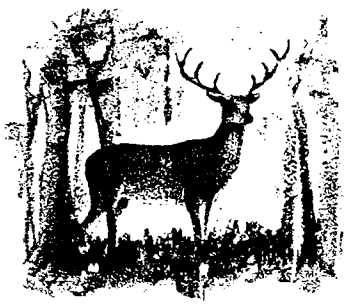
In "Therese" there is no analysis. As the sub-title proclaims, it is the narrative of a woman's life, and the creator rarely lets his creature fall into reflection, not to speak of self-analysis or introspection. It is a story of drab, exterior circumstance. Therese Fabiani is the daughter of a pensioned Austrian Army officer, living at Salzburg. When she was about sixteen her father goes mad, and her mother, a gossiping, idle, rather feckless creature, never on good terms with her husband, takes to writing cheap novels and inviting friends, men and women, to her house, with so loose an attention to morals that she receives a warning from the police. Incidentally she tries to marry off Therese to an elderly Count, but the girl, in reaction against her mother's intentions, falls in love with the boy, Alfred Nüllheim, and then, more seriously, with the Lieutenant Max. This latter is the first of a long series of amours, related without emphasis. Therese is portrayed as a passive lover, a woman without initiative in passion, merely succumbing, rather wearily, to numerous adventures, none of which result in any permanent attachment.

Escaping from her mother Therese settles in Vienna. The succession of rather dull "affairs" continues. She has a child by a down-at-heel artist named Kopisch. He deserts her, as do almost all her other lovers. Without sentimentality—rarely, since "Moll Flanders," has such a record been given with less emotion—Herr Schnitzler portrays the awakening of the maternal instinct. Therese is then launched on a series of endeavors to earn money to keep her son. As nurse and governess she goes from family to family, often attracting the undue attentions of fathers or elder brothers of her pupils. The procession would be wearisome to watch had not the writer managed so to differentiate the various *milieus* into which Therese comes, that we find ourselves, after her various disasters, inquiring anxiously what family she will now engage herself to, and whether she will at length find happiness. Twice permanence of affection and material contentment seem about to come her way. She falls in love with a young officer—but he commits suicide. Then she gains the special affection of one of her pupils, Tilda, and ends by becoming her father's mistress. They are about to be married when he suddenly dies from a heart-attack. In the meantime Therese's son, cursed before he was born, has developed into a moral degenerate, a thief, a blackmailer. Constantly his mother gives him money until there is no more to give him. He returns, however, with threats, blackmails Therese's brother, a very prim Pan-German Deputy, and eventually, on the exhaustion of his mother's patience and her refusal to help him further, he attacks her so violently that she dies from her wounds.

Hardly an ordinary human emotion, a thought above the plane of mere animal existence, lightens this sombre narrative. A Zolaesque gloom pervades it, and yet the reader will find himself following the central character's sordid career with interest. Herr Schnitzler has again shown himself as an excellent exponent of the naturalistic technique.

"Personaggi del Quattrocento Italiano," by Piero Misciatelli (Rome: Provenzani), is a succession of succinct and well-informed notices of personages of importance of the Italian Renaissance—Popes, warriors, humanitarians, artists, and famous women.

Ferdinando Paolieri, playright, novellist, and poet, died recently in Florence. He was a popular writer and at his death was shown much honor by his countrymen. His poem, "L'Olio," a description of peasant life, has won high plaudits.



To a man who has never seen a deer...

A CAGED *odocoileus virginianus* in Central Park is not a deer. Until you have seen a willowy doe or an antlered patriarch of the forest, aquiver with life, a deer among deer, you have missed one of the unforgettable glories of all living things.

Not to know such incomparable grace is to be cheated of a glamorous experience. It is like spending a lifetime without ever observing the surge of the ocean, the upcoming of the sun, the peak of a mountain, or a blade of grass. . . .

If you cannot *today* leave for the wilds of the Adirondacks or the woodlawn that frames the Blue Danube, to see your first deer, you can *tonight* read *Bambi, A Life In The Woods*, by Felix Salten.

Read it not simply because John Galsworthy hails it as a new masterpiece, or because The New York Times says the deer, *Bambi*, is "*far more exciting to read about than hundreds of human beings who crowd the pages of our novels;*" or because The Book-of-the-Month Club has selected it as its current book; or because *Bambi* is leaping a deer-like leap to the fore-front of the best seller list.

These are all good contributing reasons, but read *Bambi* rather because it is supremely beautiful prose, because it is an enchanting and uninsistent allegory of the life of man, and lastly because it will assuage the desolation of going through life as a man who has never seen a deer. . .

Bambi, by Felix Salten with a foreword by John Galsworthy
translated by Whittaker Chambers illustrated by Kurt Wiese
published by Simon & Schuster, N. Y. $2.50 at all booksellers

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Points of View

Gossip from London

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I have to report, for the benefit of the Bowling Green's customers, that the Black Dog Pub, in Shoe Lane, is an agreeable place either to start or to break a journey.

But to yourself I must bewail the fact that only the perversity of animate objects prevented this report from being of far greater interest. For by a melancholy chance your investigator missed being conducted to the Black Dog by no less a guide than the Tomlinson, himself.

It befell thus: Upon arrival in London I established contact with Mr. Frank V. Morley, the admirable brother of the conductor of the Bowling Green, to whom I was directed by a friend. I confessed to him an interest in the Black Dog. Frank not only offered to show that pub, but went on to say that if I would come to lunch on the next day (a Tuesday, I think) he would exhibit Tomlinson in person and that afterward we would shanghai Tommy, take him to the Black Dog and cause him to point out the spot where it all started, as they still say in Dayton, Tenn. And that would have made a story for your customers.

On the appointed day I showed up for lunch, as also did another Tomlinson admirer named Vignolles, a young man just returned from Singapore. You will agree that a man could not possibly have a better name in which to be just returned from Singapore than Vignolles. And so to the Rainbow. But, as one versed in the ways of men and mice might have known, *that* was just the day chosen by the Tomlinson to stay away.

We had, however, a pleasant company, with whom you must be familiar. The only names I remember were Harold Laski and Cobden-Sanderson. But there were many pleasant souls. My next-chair neighbor had been born in Indianapolis and had lived there until he had reached two and one-half years. So you see we got matey almost immediately. Naturally he had some standing as an authority on America. He told the chap across from us all about American salesmen—their pep, their purposefulness, and their diligence in studying Psychology, by which (he said) they were able to sell anyone anything, any time or where. "You may not believe it," he assured his friends, "but they could sell you anything, absolutely *anything*, whether you wanted to buy it or not. Isn't that so?" He addressed the last to me. A nice question. I am sorry to say I failed my native land in this pinch, and told the truth. Another gentleman argued for individual liberty of speech and action, on the thesis: "A man should be allowed to make a nuisance of himself as much as he pleases, provided only he doesn't make a *damned* nuisance of himself." It was delightful. After lunch an expedition of six or so was organized to visit the Black Dog and survey the authentic scene.

Crossing Fleet street, we set and made good an easterly course of some two hundred yards, sighting no obstacles to navigation save an excavation containing a half dozen navvies. Arrived at the corner of Shoe Lane, we turned sharp left and proceeded north up that thoroughfare.

You know the London lanes. Shoe Lane is on the large side (as the pipe merchants say) and pretty straight. Its first reach, from Fleet street to its confluence with St. Bride's street, is a matter of some two hundred yards. Up this the party proceeded. At approximately the middle of the stretch the party encountered a large lorry, laden with rolls of virgin newsprint. Forced to pass in single file, the various members of the party were observed each to lay a gentle palm upon the end of a cylinder of paper. The gesture would be a furtive caress which changed its mind and decided too late to be a slap. Whether this is a rite of some sort, practiced by gentlemen of the press, I do not know. I report it for what it is worth.

The party was now arrived at the open space or square where Shoe Lane and St. Bride's Street stop to parley with their lesser neighbors, Little New Street and Stonecutter Street. Here, on the northwest corner (i. e. the corner of Shoe Lane and Little New Street) stands the Black Dog.

It is a building of some three or four stories, rather undistinguished in architecture. Upon its face it bears its name and, further, the sign of its proprietors, the amiable Messrs. Mann, Crossman, and Paulin, who are, as you know, a sort of Frank G. Shattuck Co. of the Pub business. There is some further sign intimating that the liquids to be had within are excellent, but by this time we were about to enter.

There are three doors for the convenience of the Black Dog's patrons: One diagonally on the corner and two in Little New Street. By the nearer of these two we entered, and found ourselves in a small, rectangular barroom, evidently one of several. Your correspondent, agitated lest the thirst of the party might have led it past the True Room, made anxious inquiries. "Oh," said the others, who know their pubs, "this was the room, all right, for at that time of day Tommy and the Skipper couldn't possibly have gotten into the others." Saying which a round of port was ordered and found to be unimpeachable in quantity and quality.

Your correspondent, now equipped for observation, gazed about and reports as follows:

The room, which runs along the Little New Street side of the building, is some twenty feet long by ten wide, and is rather high than low. Along the inboard side ranges the bar, a comfortable affair of some dark wood—walnut perhaps—well weathered and smooth. At the moment it bore, beside the glasses of the assembled company (with encircling fists), a glass-imprisoned cake of the layer variety, at which the brass handles of the beer pumps peered in some resentment. In the narrow runway behind the bar, the cupbearer was nimble, in a leisurely fashion, in the practise of his art. On the rear wall are the usual mirrors, and in front of them shelves with appropriate furnishings of bottles, chiefly whiskey and port, ranged like the pieces on a chessboard behind pawnlike piles of cigarette packets. There were, too, the usual small signs commending beverages to the attention of the Black Dog's clients, and one which warned against gambling.

Behind us, as we faced the bar—that is to say, along the outer wall—runs a sort of bench or settee—a subway-seat affair, waiting to receive the leisurely inclined. It is upholstered in a hard, black oilcloth which may or may not have received the posteriors of Tommy and the Skipper—I am not archeologist enough to say—as they sat in that momentous discussion. Above this—high enough to be out of the way, even of a City Hat—is a shelf for discarded glasses, and behind that the windows—two large plateglass ones.

I will not detain you with a description of our Proceedings, which were of the approved type. They continued until the barman, mindful of the behests of the much-hated Dora, eased us out with gently insistent bleats of "Now, then, gentlemen."

For the rest I have to report that the other two rooms, in succession toward the Shoe Lane front are, first a small ladies' bar not more than ten by ten, and second a much plainer and dingier public bar hardly larger, at the corner.

When Tommy and the Skipper had had their liquids they emerged (I am told) and proceeded down St. Bride's Street to the Ludgate Circus end. It was there that the Skipper played his Dirty Trick on Tommy, for which he deserves the gratitude of every decent man.

ROBERT K. LEAVITT.

Life and "Lives"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I appreciate Dr. Watson's complaint, "I am sick of 'psychology'." Certainly, many contemporary novelists have been concerned too much with new psychological theories, too little with observation of life. But I am a bit suspicious of any essay on art under the title "Feed Me on Facts"; and this suspicion is verified by the article itself. It is the province of Dr. Watson, as a scientist, to feed us on facts; but he can scarcely demand the same thing of the artists. "Facts"—in the sense in which Dr. Watson sometimes uses the word—are hardly their final concern; nor scientific theories; but a vision of life, an imaginative interpretation of a myriad facts.

Dr. Watson's demand that art turn science is illustrated by his reference to biography. "I don't see how anyone except a very naive person could write up his own life." Why? First, because no one would have the will, second, because no one would have the technique, to be entirely honest. But what is one's life,-and what, therefore, its story? Says Dr. Watson again: "No wife could possibly read the autobiography of her husband. No husband could read the true life on his wife." Not the "Watsonian life" certainly; not the sum total of all deeds and ideas. But is such a sum total, life? Not in art. If I tell the story of my life so as to produce the definite impression of that life on others, I do so by *relating* a certain number of facts, objective and subjective, all of which, severally and together, represent the meaning of my life. This autobiography lives in proportion, first, as I am alive, second, as I understand the essence of my life and the technique for making that essence apparent in the written word.

I should say that many contemporary biographies and autobiographies are weak primarily not because their authors are unacquainted with the latest theories of psychology, but because they are unacquainted with the methods of art and with life itself. Herein lies the weakness of the so-called psychological, or "stream-of-consciousness," novel and biography. These are bad because the essence of life is not in the stream of consciousness, but in actions—and in words, gestures, and grimaces, all of which are actions. It is through these means that we realize the life within our fellows; it is through these means that we *know* them to be alive. And the story that plays up ideas and images at the expense of spoken words and actions fails to produce in the reader that tremendous sense of life that great art—and life itself at times—produces. Take, for instance, a beautifully written novel like "Mrs. Dalloway," by Virginia Woolf. There is everywhere throughout this book the stirring of life, but life itself is not proved sufficiently by words and deeds. Mrs. Dalloway does not finally live.

Any more, I think, than I live even to myself except in words and deeds. We like to flatter ourselves that *our* story can never be told; that we have an inner life—vague desires, floating images—that the objective biography could never catch. Therefore, we welcome the psychological biography and autobiography. But I wonder: when we think over our lives, what are the memorable, the impressive, moments? For me, at least, the moments that found expression in word or deed. The rest? Very beautiful, sometimes, in a vague, appealing way; but never certain, definite, stamped with meaning—never memorable. The beginnings of life were there—faint, beautiful stirrings. I may regret that these beginnings never found complete sanction in word or deed. I do not know why they missed it, but they did; and when I think of my life they are but a faint and intangible background for remembered words and actions.

In other words, persons who live, in the actual world or in art, express themselves. Life, like Croce's poetry, is expression. And I doubt if it makes much difference about psychology, subconscious or otherwise, except as this eventuates in recognizably characteristic words and deeds. In this sense, I too am weary of psychology. But this isn't what Dr. Watson meant.

JAMES MCB. DABBS.

Coker College
Hartsville, S. C.

A Reviewer Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In your issue of June 23, Mr. Dan F. Waugh of Tokyo, with a courtesy of phrase not always used by correspondents, severely dispraises a review of "Lotus and Chrysanthemum" which I wrote for your issue of March 3.

In reply to the questions he asks, I think it sufficient to say that a reviewer has open to him many different ways of handling a book, each way perfectly valid for its particular purpose. He may analyze the technical faults of the book, or point out the errors of judgment it displays, or lament that it is not some totally different kind of book, or damn it in general with good old Johnsonian gusto. Had I done any one of these things, Mr. Waugh would doubtless have been better pleased. But a reviewer does not always say all that he thinks about a given book; he has not space for that. In a given case, it may seem to him wiser to pass over even very serious faults, in the interest of trying to give his readers a clear and imaginative account of certain real pleasures which the book holds in store. The reviewer is not necessarily limited to the rôle of a schoolmaster assigning grades to class papers; often it is his privilege and his duty to enact the part of a returned traveler, pointing out to his stay-at-home friends the beauties that are to be found in a distant country.

It will interest Mr. Waugh to know that I agree with all his objections to the book, and that I could point out several more which he does not raise. But I deliberately omitted these matters from my review, for the reason that I was primarily concerned in calling to my readers' attention the kind of literary refreshment which the best portions of the book offered. I must admit that I have no patience with a review that displays merely the reviewer's clever awareness that the book could have been done better.

I am highly complimented by Mr. Waugh's final accusation against me. He says—"We ask him for a stone, and he gives us bread." No more gratifying words have ever been addressed to me; no finer tribute was ever paid to a reviewer; and surely no stranger confession was ever made by a disapproving reader.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

Austerlitz, N. Y.

Two noted French writers have recently brought out new books. Paul Bourget in "Le Tapin" (Paris: Plon) has included what he terms "two studies," the one entitled "L'Enfant de la Morte" and the other "Une Fille-Mère." Roland Dorgelès's volume, "Montmartre Mon Pays" (Paris: Lesage), presents the reminiscences of a sojourner in Montmartre.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

LECTURES ON EGYPTIAN ART. By *Jean Capart.* University of North Carolina Press. $5.

Belles Lettres

HOMER'S ITHACA: A Vindication of Tradition. By SIR RENNELL RODD. Longmans, Green. 1927. $2.40.

In the days when Homer was regarded as simply a romancer, and the war of Troy as a myth, it was a matter of very little moment whether the places named in the Iliad and the Odyssey could be located or not. But latterly, since the results of archæological investigation have begun to confirm Homer in so striking a fashion, his admirers have become very anxious to prove him trustworthy at all points. This is not always easy to do. The question here dealt with is whether the Ithaca where Odysseus lived is one with the classical Ithaca, the modern Thiaki. The dispute is no longer between those who believe in Homer's accuracy and those who do not, but between those who believe that his description of Ithaca cannot be satisfied by the island later so called and those who believe it can. Of the latter party is Sir Rennell Rodd; his most formidable opponent is Dr. Dörpfeld, to whose acuteness and industry the study of prehistoric Greece owes so much. Both have studied not only the text, but the ground, both are equally respectful of their source. Neither avoids all the difficulties, but most readers will feel that the thesis of the present book strains the evidence less than does Dr. Dörpfeld's ingenious hypothesis that the original Ithaca was the semi-island of Leucas from which the inhabitants were expelled, carrying the name with them to their new home.

Whatever one's personal convictions, the new book is welcome, for it contains much the best available firsthand description of the territory, together with a pair of sketch maps, the lack of which has made many discussions of the problem very difficult to follow. The book is pleasantly written, though too brief to exhaust all aspects of the question. The author's conclusion is that Homer must have been personally acquainted with Ithaca to describe it so vividly. An alternative suggestion (originally Berard's) that he followed the data in an ancient sea tale, is elaborated by Frank Brewster in an article on "Ithaca, Dulichium, Samos, and wooded Zacynthus" in the Harvard Studies in Classical Philology, 1925. He there discusses some points left untouched by Sir Rennell, and refers more fully to the literature of the subject. But the American argues from charts; the Englishman has sailed up the Ithaca channel and carefully explored the island, and he is the more convincing.

A HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Sir Edmund Gosse.* Appleton. $1.

LIVING ENGLISH STUDIES. By *Ettie Lee.* Macmillan.

Biography

WHO'S HOOVER? By WILLIAM HARD. Dodd, Mead. 1928.

Readers who are accustomed to skip prefaces will be doubly fortunate in omitting the pretentious and commonplace "Viewpoint" which Mr. Hard has prefixed to his well-told story of one of the most interesting of American careers. His opening chapter, "Quaker Youth," is particularly illuminating in its tracing of some of Mr. Hoover's outstanding characteristics to the ingrained principles and the temperament of the religious sect of which his mother was an officer. Even his Republicanism, insincerely questioned by politicians who were at a loss for objections to his candidacy which they could avow, goes back to his boyhood in an Iowa village where everybody with one solitary exception naturally joined the party which opposed the extension of slavery and by so much took the Quaker position. While Mr. Hard's book suffers from an apparently uncontrollable tendency to drag in his own ideas, it is a careful and comprehensive account and one which shows, as any such account must, that Mr. Hoover is not so devoid of political skill as some folks think.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By *W. H. Herndon* and *Jesse W. Weik.* Appleton. 2 vols. $1 each.

LETTERS FROM BROOK FARM. By *Marianne Dwight.* Edited by *Amy L. Reed.* Vassar College.

FROM COLONEL TO SUBALTERN. By *Lt. Col. M. F. McTaggart.* Scribner's. $5.

THE BALLOON BUSTER. By *Frank Norman Hall.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE PAPERS OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON. Edited by *Alexander C. Flick.* Vol. VI. Albany: University of the State of New York.

Economics

INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY AND SOCIAL ECONOMY. By *Nassau W. Senior.* Edited by S. Leon Levy. Holt. 2 vols.

A WAY OF ORDER FOR BITUMINOUS COAL. By *Walton H. Hamilton* and *Helen R. Wright.* Macmillan. $2.50.

A THEORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT. By *Selig Perlman.* Macmillan.

Education

ETHICS. By *Frank Chapman Sharp.* Century. $3.50.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By *John Lewis Gillin, Clarence G. Dittmer,* and *Roy J. Colbert.* Century. $3.75.

FRENCH LITERATURE IN OUTLINE. By *Philip H. Churchman* and *Charles E. Young.* Century. $1.60.

LATIN AMERICA AND THE UNITED STATES. By *Graham H. Stuart.* Century. $3.75.

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By *James Westfall Thompson.* Century. $5.

HUNTING UNDER THE MICROSCOPE. By *Sir Arthur E. Shipley.* Edited by C. F. A. Pantin. Macmillan.

ECONOMIC PROBLEMS. By *Fred Rogers Fairchild* and *Ralph Theodore Compton.* Macmillan.

ADULT LEARNING. By *Edward L. Thorndike, Elsie O. Bregman, J. Warren Tilton,* and *Ella Woodyard.* Macmillan.

CHILDREN IN THE NURSERY SCHOOL. By *Harriet M. Johnson.* Day. $3 net.

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By *Stephen DeWitt Stephens.* Harvard University Press.

MILTON ON EDUCATION. Edited by *Oliver Morley Ainsworth.* Yale University Press. $2.75.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. By *Arthur S. Gist.* Scribner's. $1.80.

TECHNIC OF CHILD ANALYSIS. By *Anna Freud.* New York: Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Co.

INSPIRATIONAL TEACHING. By *George Mackaness.* Dutton. $2.70.

Fiction

WHEN WEST WAS WEST. By OWEN WISTER. Macmillan. 1928. $2.50.

With one's reading habits altered to meet the incisive brevity, the subjectivity, and the dramatic intensity of the contemporary story, it is not easy to read stories written so wholly in the manner of nineteen-hundred as are these of Owen Wister. They are long and leisurely, burdened with detail, and such drama as they disclose—and some of them are fantastically melodramatic—is given a quality of drugged, liquid distance such as one sees in a cinema fight shown in slow motion.

West was West in the days which Wister describes. Where girls in khaki breeches and sweaters now hitch-hike, Indians walked in beaded buckskins; where the cars now line up for gasoline, ponies were hobbled in drowsy rows before an ominous saloon; where tourists wash their handkerchiefs in geyser water and throw their cigarette butts into purple mud, intrepid men explored and studied; and Custer and the Seventh Cavalry fought over the country which now clicks in tedious miles past the windows of Pullman cars.

And Wister was Wister when he wrote "The Virginian." How many middle-aged Americans who read it in their gay days keep green the memory of that story by recommending it to their boys and girls and by rereading it themselves, off and on! Perhaps they may still hope, in spite of years, to find the Wister that they knew in these stories of the West that he knew once so well. If so, they will be disappointed. But perhaps it is not Wister who has changed. Perhaps it is themselves—or the times.

FOLLY'S HANDBOOK. By MARY AGNES HAMILTON. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $2.50.

We have so many novels out of England which are no worse than we can do ourselves gravely heralded as comparable with Hardy's, Woolf's, or Whosever, that it is surprising to find a volume with as much merit as "Folly's Handbook" coming quite unannounced and unrecommended. There is an austerity about Miss Hamilton's book that makes it poor material for the blurb writer, which perhaps accounts for the silence regarding it. It makes little compromise with the casual reader, being reminiscent of the Henry James technique in not letting anything be settled until the end. The chapters as they appear pile detail upon detail and elucidate stroke by stroke the characters in the dragnet of the plot, but never hand out gratuitously any master-key that will unlock either the complete situation or a complete personality.

It might be called a mystery story of characters in the dragnet of the plot, but from clue to clue after the identity of a criminal, one pursues almost equally labyrinthine ways to the summation of individualities. The flaw in this portrait of the woman as an artist lies in Miss Hamilton's failure to stamp it definitely enough with her intention. There is room for suspicion that some of the reader's puzzlement concerning the motives that lie behind the actions is shared by the author herself. But if "Folly's Handbook" falls a little short of its aim, what it does achieve is far more worth while than anything attained by many finished novels that accomplish their ends because their ends are so easily accomplished.

THE INVADERS By *Hilda Vaughan.* Harper. $2.50.

THE RED SCAR. By *Anthony Wynne.* Lippincott. $2.

BEAU IDEAL. By *Percival Christopher Wren.* Stokes. $2.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE. By *Honoré Willsie Morrow.* Morrow. $2.50.

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN FANTASIES. By *Percy Mackaye.* Longman's. $2.50.

APRON STRINGS. By *May Freud Dickenson.* Macaulay. $2.

THE DOUBTFUL YEAR. By *John Lebar.* Appleton. $2.

HURRYING FEET. By *Frederic F. Van de Water.* Appleton. $2.

THEY RETURN AT EVENING. By *H. R. Wakefield.* Appleton. $2.

LADY IN MARBLE. By *Robert E. McClure.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE. By *Stephen McKenna.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

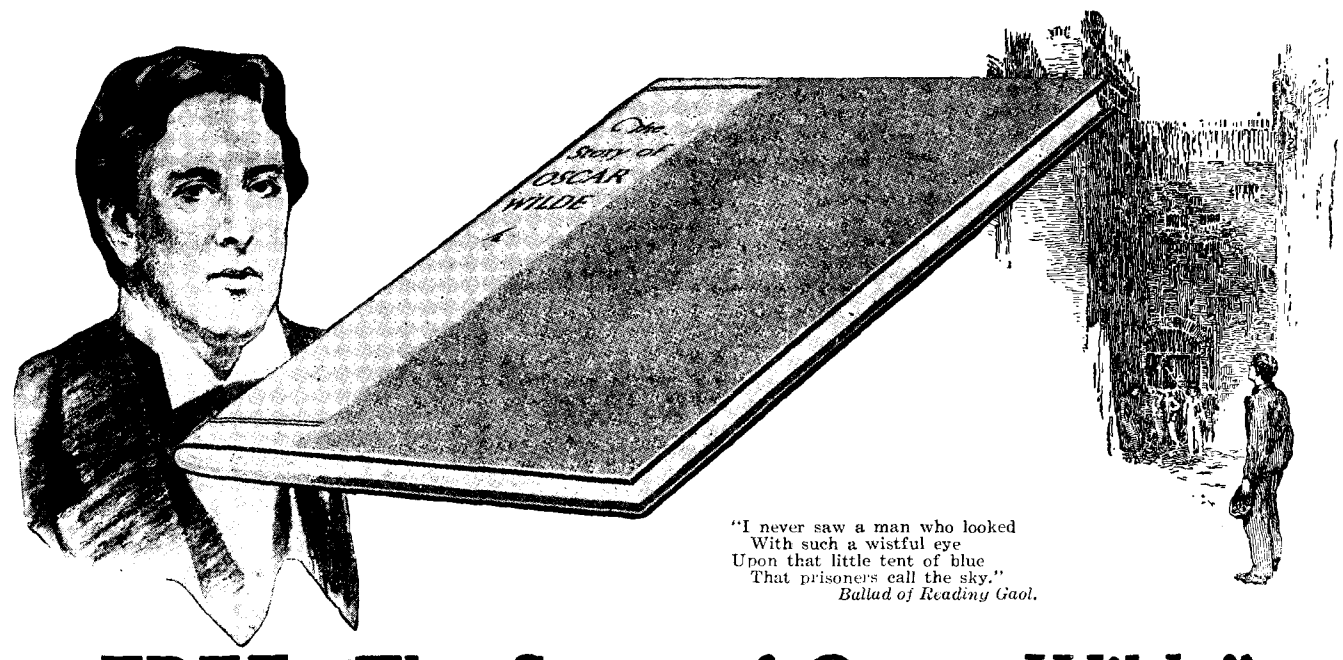
THE PURE IN HEART. By *J. Kessel.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE DEVIL'S JEST. By *Elizabeth Carfrae.* Harpers. $2.

THE STRANGE CASE OF "WILLIAM" COOK. By *Richard Keverne.* Harpers. $2.

MR. STANDFAST. By *John Buchan.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

(Continued on next page)



"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
That prisoners call the sky."
Ballad of Reading Gaol.

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"I FEAR I am dying as I lived, beyond my means," said Oscar Wilde, before he passed away. It was his last *bon mot,* so many of which have become famous, and it was characteristic of his irrepressible good humor. He died with his name under a cloud, but not before he had written "De Profundis," "a work that has no counterpart in English literature"; not before he had written "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," which critics acclaim as the greatest ballad in the English language; not before he produced what dramatists themselves assert is the wittiest of all English comedies; not before he had written his haunting "Picture of Dorian Gray," afterward translated into seventeen languages; not before he had spun, for adults as well as children, some of the tenderest fairy tales written in all the ages.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS. By *John Buchan*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
GREENMANTLE. By *John Buchan*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
THE SILVER TASSIE. By *Sean O'Casey*. Macmillan. $1.75.
THE TRIAL OF PATRICK MAHON. By *Edgar Wallace*. Scribner's $3.

Government

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY. Addresses and State Papers of Alfred E. Smith. Edited by HENRY MOSKOWITZ. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $3.

In this volume may be found all that one needs to know about the political and governmental beliefs of Governor Smith, at least as these are related to State affairs. National and international questions do not come within its purview except to the extent to which a principle may have an application beyond the limits of State government or a particular matter, such as the repeal of the Mullan-Gage law, may compel consideration of Federal as well as State powers. If the book discloses once more Governor Smith's familiarity with the public business of New York State, some of the addresses it contains give a definite impression of his personality. This is true in special measure of the concluding selection, entitled "Defying Hearst" and being the speech made in October, 1919, in New York City in reply to the charge that Smith was aiding the "milk trust." One of the most notable selections in the volume is neither an address nor a state paper. It is Smith's reply to the open letter addressed to him by Charles C. Marshall on the political implications of Catholicism in this country.

The most important—almost the only—selection relating to Governor Smith's position upon national issues and therefore of interest in connection with his candidacy for the Presidency is a newspaper article which is reprinted under the heading, "Duty and Opportunity of the Democratic Party." In this article Smith denounces Republican "corruption" at Washington, calls for "a tariff of honesty," does not mention prohibition, but doubtless has it in mind when he urges the recognition of "reasonable differences of viewpoint in widely differing sections," decries "the dangerous over-centralization of Federal power," favors public ownership and control of national resources, and declares, "We must come together with other nations to end war."

History

THE TENDENCY OF HISTORY. By *Henry Adams*. Macmillan. $1.50.
FEUDAL GERMANY. By *James Westfall Thompson*. University of Chicago Press. $5.
THE TREATIES OF 1778. Edited by *G. Chinard*. Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50.
THE IMMEDIATE ORIGINS OF THE WAR. By *Pierre Renouvin*. Translated by Theodore Caswell Hume. Yale University Press. $4.
HAMILTONIAN PRINCIPLES. Edited by *James Truslow Adams*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
JEFFERSONIAN PRINCIPLES. Edited by *James Truslow Adams*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
THE NILE AND EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION. By *A. Moret*. Knopf. $7.50.
THE MIDDLE AGES. By *E. B. Osborn*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.50.
THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE AND ITS SUCCESSORS. By *William Miller*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). $5.25.
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. By *William Starr Myers*. Century. $5.
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. By *Frank R. Kent*. Century. $5.
THE ANCIENT WORLD AND ITS LEGACY TO US. By *A. W. F. Blunt*. Oxford University Press. $1.50.
SIDE LIGHTS ON AMERICAN HISTORY. By *Henry William Elson*. Macmillan. 2 vols.
VIRGINIA AND THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR. By *Hayes Baker-Crothers*. University of Chicago Press. $2.
THE RÔLE OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By *Martha Ornstein*. University of Chicago Press. $5.
CAPITAL AND FINANCE IN THE AGE OF THE RENAISSANCE. By *Richard Ehrenberg*. $4.50.
EMPIRE TO COMMONWEALTH. By *Walter Phelps Hall*. Holt.
THE HISTORY OF HITCHIN. By *Reginald L. Hine*. London. Allen & Unwin.
THE NEW ENGLAND CLERGY AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By *Alice M. Baldwin*. Duke University Press. $3.50.
BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC. By *George Wycherley*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

(*Continued on page* 1058)

Van Wyck Brooks writes in The Independent:—

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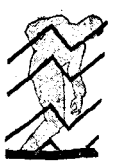

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 38. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Behaviorist's Lullaby for a Little Child. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York, not later than the morning of July 30.)

Competition No. 39. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short lyric imitating the mood and manner of Mr. A. E. Housman. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of August 13.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH COMPETITION

The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the best short Ballad of Book Titles with the refrain

Dead lovers are faithful lovers,
But Gentlemen marry brunettes

has been equally divided between E. M. S. Lockwood, and J. K. Wetherill.

THE PRIZE BALLADS

I.

BALLAD OF THOSE NEITHER PREFERRED NOR MARRIED

LO! *we sing Diana, tall men,*
And revel in *the way things are.*
Dark girls vow and conjure Eden;
Blondes bewail their *unkind star.*
But *we*, the red-haired, call you "bothers,"
And thrust *old swords* through your regrets.
Dead lovers are faithful lovers, ...
But gentlemen marry brunettes.

Etched in moonlight, armed with madness, . .
We dance before the *vestal fire.*
Men without women live in sadness—
The Cap of Youth is our desire.
Share *the marriage bed* with others;
At *daybreak* seek the fair coquettes.
Dead lovers are faithful lovers,
But gentlemen marry brunettes.

Meanwhile, we of *Witch Wood* caution:
"Sisters, *these men, thy friends*, are flirts!
Scatter not thy hearts before them—
Blight of *old enchantment* hurts.
This singing world was made for rovers!
Escape the mis'ry man begets!
Dead lovers are faithful lovers,
But gentlemen marry brunettes!"

ELEANOR M. S. LOCKWOOD.

II.

BALLAD OF BOOK TITLES

Men Are So Selfish!—they crave *Sweet Pepper*, . .
And *Eva's Apples*, and *Meat*, and *Bread;*
They eagerly traverse *The Land of Green Ginger*
For a rollicking day—*And So To Bed!* . .
Love and The Ladies, The Lovely Ducklings,
They follow, forgetting the world's best bets—
That Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers,
But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes.

Men Are Like That!—when *Heaven Trees* beckon,
Amid Wide Fields, if *The Torches Flare*, . .
They give to counsel a *Dusty Answer*,
And sport with the *Daughters of Folly* fair.
Through *Burning Bush* they'd chase *The Wild Body*,
And question only if *Bad Girl* pets,
Though Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers,
But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes.

Pleasure If Possible!—that is their motto;
What'll We Do Now? still they cry;
Blight, Red Rust, and *Sawdust and Solitude*
Only cause them to yawn and sigh.
Cursed Be the Treasure!—The Golden Bubble
Which lures like *Boojum*, till man forgets
That Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers,
But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes.

J. K. WETHERILL.

Mrs. Elise R. Noyes of the Stamford Bookshop, supported by John V. A. Weaver, lured me to set this subject. Certainly the accidental refrain was inviting. "Ever since the posters for these works happened to be set up cheek by jowl in the bookstore," write Mrs. Noyes, "we have been haunted by the rhythm." Well, I fell for the suggestion and no doubt deserved to be haunted in turn by the resulting collection of shreds and patches.

The two prizewinners, J. F. Doughty, Phoebe Scribble, Marshall M. Brice, Spencer Brown, Laura A. Streight, Homer M. Parsons, and Garland Smith (who wrote better than most, but forgot that a ballad was wanted) were the best of the few competitors who contrived to do something more than string a few titles meaninglessly together. Dorothy E. Smith's compilation in places irresistably reminded me of certain poems by Mr. T. S. Eliot, witness—

Great captains unveiled
Diana at the bath
Etched in moonlight—
The almost perfect state—
We sing Diana; . .
Judy drops in. 'C'est la guerre.
Dead lovers are faithful lovers,
But gentlemen marry brunettes.

Of the rest, the less said the better. The best in this kind are but shadows . . . .

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

We print a poem left over from a recent competition.

THE HEAVENLY DRUM (Fragment from a long Poem)

By MR. VACHEL LINDSAY

. . . And the chanting hosts of heaven raise
Their swinging ringing song.
From great volcanoes, fiery rays (Stamp feet here, in
Illumine that strange throng. time with the verse.)
And the angels dance like rag-time kings;
And the Springfield wantons, with sudden wings
Move in transfigured glory and grace; (Stop stamping
And you would not know a burglar's face! feet here.)
And the boom! boom! boom! of the Heavenly Drum (Loud)
Keeps on calling
"Come!"
"Come!" (Softer)
"Come!"
"Come!" . . . (To be spoken very softly)
. . . Then I saw the soul of Billy Sunday. (Quietly, majestically)
Then I heard his voice.
And all the Golden Goats of Springfield (To be spoken as if hearing
Sang together . . . . . . distant singing.)

HANS MAULSCHNAPPER, *Dr. juris.*

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

BY some slip, the last paragraph dropped off my copy in the reply last week to a call for novels about post-war Europe, so Russia was unrepresented. This was unfortunate, for one of the most enlightening comes from Russia, so recently that one may see the new schools of the Soviets in working order with the Dalton Plan being tried out by some of the most touching young idealogists that ever wrung the heart of an elderly reader.. This is "The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy," by N. Ognyov (Payson & Clarke); it is not, as its realism might make one think, an actual school-journal; Ognyov is the pseudonym of Mikhail Grigoryevitch Rozanov, a middle-aged and respected Russian novelist. But his sensitiveness, most unusual in the middle-aged, to the emotions and experiences of this time of life, makes the book one of the best documents of post-war adolescence we now have. There are several sympathetic studies of post-war Russians in Jean Kessel's "The Pure in Heart" (Gollancz) in which is included his quite new variation on the old theme for the triangle called "L'Équipage," here translated as "Pilot and Observer"; another of these short stories concerns post-war conditions in Ireland.

This second chance permits me to add "Shipwreck in Europe," a novel by Josef Bard (Harper) that has just left me blinking from the light it throws. It concerns a rich and generally upset American man in Europe: I trust he is not intended for a "typical American," any more than the foreign "types" he meets are intended to symbolize their native lands, but they manage amongst them to keep up a steady fire of talk about their respective countries, and much of it cannot be denied—which means, of course, that it indignantly will be. If this author does settle down to the production of novels—this is his first—I should like to see what he will do in more extended treatment of characters as fully realized in a few strokes as, in this book, Rainer the deaf man at the death-bed of his friend, or the kind dubious Annerl—or for that matter, any of the Viennese members of the cast.

R. O., Manhattan, Kansas, asks for books that would help the sponsor of a chess and checker club among high school students.

"CHESS AND CHECKERS," by Edward Lasker (Appleton), is a small manual that could be kept on hand in the clubroom. Erroll A. Smith's "Checker Classics" (Appleton) reveals the possibilities of this game to those who may have been just pushing the men around. A new book that might be added to this equipment is "Modern Backgammon," by Grosvenor Nicholas (Holt).

For the beginner, Julius De Mont's "Elements of Chess" (Harcourt, Brace) explains the rudiments clearly, with many illustrations. There is a selection of games and positions from recent contests in Alfred Emery's "Chess Sacrifices and Traps" (McKay), which has a note on "the new ideas" in the game.

The father of two children, boy and girl, respectively four years and twenty months, asks for some book presenting the problems of childhood, with their psychological reasons and treatment.

THE most sensible book for a long while is "Everyday Problems of the Everyday Child," by Dr. Douglas A. Thom (Appleton), and I do not wonder that it has just won a prize offered for the best book of the year written for parents. Dr. Thom is the conductor of the Child Habit Clinics in Boston and instructor in Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, and the basis of the book is his conviction, founded on this wide experience, that a child's problems can best be handled by encouraging him to develop habits that will replace the undesirable traits. This is made clear to worried parents by a great many "cases" in which such problems were really "solved," as in a great majority of such cases they can be.

M. D. B. Olean, N. Y., asks for books on the Medici family, especially Lorenzo the Magnificent and Catherine de Medici.

THE subject may be covered in a single work in two large, admirably illustrated volumes, Young's "The Medici" (Dutton). This takes the fortunes of the family from its founder to the last pale figure fading into the background of history. But no one with an interest like this could pass by Paul Van Dyke's "Catherine de Medici, Queen of France" (Scribner), one of the most scholarly and attractive historical biographies of our times. One emerges from its lucid and convincing pages with a sense of having lived through the time, and, it may be, with a quite reorganized idea of Catherine herself.

As for historical novels, in which this inquirer may be interested, the one I best recall is "Romance of Old Court Life in France" (Putnam) which saw me through the measles and settled in my mind once for all the succession of French kings for that period in history. Old-fashioned as its methods are, they made its people live, and no doubt they keep the book alive in their turn, for I understand that at five dollars a copy it goes on selling decade after decade.

There are of course any number of travel books with material for such study, but E. G. Gardner's "Florence" (Dutton) combines more history with other information than any I know. It is one of the invaluable series known as "Mediæval Towns." "The Golden Age of the Medici: 1434-1494," by Selwyn Brinton, was published by Small, Maynard: it is an illustrated story of Florence.

E. O. J., Mills College, Cal., read Frederick A. Ober's "The Silver City" with a boy's relish years ago; even upon rereading it remains delightful—"a story of adventure and archæological discovery in Yucatan, without literary pretense, crudely but dramatically arranged for successive suspense and loaded with scientific usefulness." It was published by D. Lothrop of Boston, copyright 1883; the end was patently left open for a sequel, but he has been unable to find one; on the title-page the author is named as having written also a "Young Folks' History of Mexico." He asks if readers of the Guide can give him information as to the whereabouts of any other books by Ober, concerning which he has a little of the collector's curiosity. I hope someone sends him this information, for he has already paid for it by telling me of three books I may at any moment need to know about, one on heraldry, one on early maps, one on herbals. How do I know they will be wanted? Because everything is wanted by the readers of this column, give them time.

M. P. J., New Orleans, La., has a collection of woodcuts made rather from keen interest in them than from knowledge of the subject, and asks for books that would help in the arrangement and enlargement of this collection and add to its enjoyment.

MANY an inexperienced collector has been led into pleasant ways through the beginner's guide "How to Appreciate Prints," by Frank Weitenkampf (Scribner), which has thirty-three illustrations of processes. The same author's "American Graphic Art" (Macmillan), revised and enlarged a couple of years ago, should be in the library of American collectors interested in etchings, engravings, lithographs, bookplates, or caricatures. For a comprehensive survey and guide, there is Douglas P. Bliss's "History of the Woodcut" (Dent); this has a bibliography that will guide the collector. H. E. A. Furst's "The Modern Woodcut" (Dodd, Mead) explains the nature of the woodcut, condenses its history, and discusses modern tendencies and the work of the most distinguished modern artists; this also has a bibliography and a number of color plates. Arthur Hayden's "Chats on Old Prints" (Stokes) describes processes of nine forms of graphic art, including woodcuts. "A History of Engraving and Etching," by Arthur Hind (Houghton Mifflin) is a beautifully illustrated two-volume work covering the period from the fifteenth century to 1914, but its range is confined to engraving on metal.

The collector will do well to keep up with *The Woodcut Annual*, published by A. Fowler, Board of Trade Building, Kansas City, Mo., and the English annual, *The Woodcut*, dealing entirely with modern cuts and published by the Curwen Press, London.

"Rosalee stands . . . just this side of Hardy's Eustacia Vye and Conrad's Dona Rita" —*Lawrence Lee in the N.Y. Herald Tribune*

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The New Books

Philosophy

(*Continued from page* 1056)

THE CONTROL OF THE MIND. A Handbook of Applied Psychology for the Ordinary Man. By ROBERT H. THOULESS. Doubleday, Doran. 1928.

Dr. Thouless has performed his task remarkably well. His selection of applied psychology is that bearing upon mental fitness. It instructs the man of the street and the office in the fundamentals of mental control. What training can and can't do, how suggestion will help, how habits are formed and the emotions controlled, how to concentrate, how to work, how to rest, about inferiority and efficiency, of the pitfalls of dreaming, of the organization of the mind. The "how" is not a schedule nor a programme nor a "daily dozen," but a sensible grasp of principles in their practical aspect. It doesn't go very deep, and it doesn't go very far; now and then it oversimplifies; but it contains a well ordered bit of advice, never didactic, never vague, never confused. It is evidently inspired by a sense of the worthlessness of so many exhorters and ware-sellers of applied psychology, holding out golden promises and offering grandiose doses of froth and dross. The exploiters unencumbered by resistances or reserves rushed first into the field where the responsible—not necessarily angels or sages—trod cautiously. Now the popularizers who speak from an accredited platform avoid the academic tone, and address themselves to a wider public with such favorable results as this.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN DEWEY. Selected and edited by *Joseph Ratner*. Holt. $4.

THE LURE OF SUPERIORITY. By *Wayland F. Vaughan*. Holt. $3.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSONALITY. By *English Bagby*. Holt. $2.50.

lated by *Robert Belle Burke*. University of Pennsylvania Press. 2 vols. $10.

THE SELF: ITS BODY AND FREEDOM. By *William Ernest Hocking*. Yale University Press. $2.

THE PHAEDO OF PLATO. Translated by *Patrick Duncan*. Oxford University Press. $2.

THE EPINOMIS OF PLATO. Translated and Edited by *J. Harward*. Oxford University Press. $1.70.

THE DANCE OF CIVA OR LIFE'S UNITY AND RHYTHM. By *Cullom*. Dutton. $1.

MORALS IN REVIEW. By *A. K. Rogers*. Macmillan. $3.50.

THOUGHT-CONTROL IN EVERYDAY LIFE. By *James Alexander*. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.

THE MISBEHAVIORISTS. By *Harvey Wickham*. Dial. $3.50.

GROWING INTO LIFE. By *David Seabury*. Boni & Liveright. $5.

HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By *Walter S. Hunter*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

Poetry

THE OXFORD BOOK OF MEDIEVAL LATIN VERSE. *Chosen by Stephen Gaselee*. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

SONGS OF THE SOIL. By *Frank L. Stanton*. Appleton. $1.

THE POETRY OF FATHER TABB. Edited by *Francis A. Litz*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

SHEPHERD OF SOULS. By *Jean Smith*. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

THE WAY OF A WOMAN. By *Sophia Margaretta Hensley*. San Diego: Canterbury.

THE TOWER. By *W. B. Yeats*. Macmillan. $2.25.

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS. Edited by *Norman Ault*. Longmans, Green. $3.50.

THE HOUSE OF VANITY. By *Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.*, and *Isaac Benjamin*. Philadelphia: Liebman Press.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Poems (Julian Editions). Scribners.

CLOUDED RADIANCE. By *Louis W. Flaccus*. Vinal.

THE CHAFF OF LIFE. By *George Otis Schoonhoven*. Vinal.

THE ROMANESQUE LYRIC. By *Philips Schuyler Allen*. University of North Carolina Press. $4.50.

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THE HOMERIC sailed at 1:00 A. M. and we went down to the pier to say B. V. D. (*Bon Voyage, Darling*) to a friend. He was in Suite 16, though he was *older* than that, and in his little sitting-cabin were all his twelve pieces of luggage.

WE were complimenting him on his *packing* system. He never takes any trunks, only handbags of beautiful soft leather (which, incidentally, are specially made for him by one of London's most famous BOOK-BINDERS who is cleverer at that sort of thing than any luggage-maker we know), and he showed us his index cards, listing the contents of each bag, all very cleverly thought out, including a box of *Fuller's Earth*, which he says is the best of all demulcents after shaving (in Bag No. 6).

AND a fly-swatter from WOOLWORTH'S, which he never travels without, for just one *fly* in a hotel bedroom can spoil a night for you, he very justly remarks (in Bag No. 8).

WHEN it occurred to us to ask, *In* which bag is your SATURDAY REVIEW, for he is one of our surviving *Charter Subscribers*.

IN the *MASTER BAG*, of course, he replied.

AND explained that the *MASTER BAG* (No. 12), the little chef d'oeuvre and prime ganglion of the whole *System*, was the passport, cardcase, address book, keys of all the other bags, tobacco, matches, pipes, pipecleaners, and that odd little tool (it looks like a tomahawk) which is wrench, pliers, screwdriver, jacknife, pipe reamer, can cutter, bottle opener, nail clipper and general toulemondaine doodad.

I WOULDN'T dream of sailing without my SATURDAY REVIEW in the *MASTER BAG*, he said. And don't forget to tell the *Business Office* to forward it c/o BARCLAY'S BANK, LONDON, while I'm away.

AND as the great ship backed out, with our friend's name not even on the passenger list (for he has no love of palaver or publicity), we sighed a little *enviously* to think how charmingly he has mastered the technique of *Living*. And in the *MASTER BAG*. . . .

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Laboratory Press

A DOCUMENTARY ACCOUNT OF THE BEGINNINGS OF THE LABORATORY PRESS, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, by Porter Garnett. Pittsburgh: The Laboratory Press. 1927.

FOR several years now there have issued from the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh a series of broadsides and folders produced by a small group of students who are working under the tutelage of Mr. Porter Garnett. These various pieces have shown an interesting and painstaking treatment which has attracted wide attention: I have had occasion to refer to them in this column. Now comes a bound volume of some hundred and eighty pages written by Mr. Garnett to explain the purpose and the result of his teaching.

So far as I know this Press is the only instance in this country of any organized attempt to teach fine printing. Mr. Garnett expressly states that printing is not an art, and in this I think he is correct. But that is no excuse, as it is always so used in schools of printing, for debasing the practice of the craft to the mere routine handling of type and paper in dull and stupid ways. If Mr. Garnett does not believe that printing is an art, he at least practices the craft in a deliberately fine way, of which this book is an example.

The Laboratory Press was established in 1923, not as a back-alley printing-office, but with considerable formality, and after careful plans matured by President Hamerschlag and Mr. Garnett. The programme for the dedication on April 7, 1923, seems somewhat formidable and solemn—but when one considers the attitude which for many years has been taken by institutions of learning toward the printer (an attitude for which the printer is most to blame, to be sure), it is apparent that any undertaking so serious as this one needed all of the pomp and circumstance it could summon to the occasion. Such pomp and circumstance have before been summoned to far less worthy schemes, but Mr. Garnett knew what he wanted to do, and set about it deliberately. If one may judge from his meticulous record as here set forth, his new venture with the Carnegie Institute was to be something quite different from any other university printing-office, something quite different even from the course of printing instruction in the Institute itself. It was dedicated to fine printing—not to "production" nor to lowering the cost of the Institute's own work.

In the pages of this volume are given complete synopses of the types which were provided for the work of the Press. The list includes Garamond (foundry casting), Caslon Old Face (the English original), Elzevir (Deberny & Piegnot's face), Blado and Poliphilus, Caslon Old Black, two of Mr. Goudy's best faces, and Gothique Ancienne (Deberny & Peignot's beautiful *lettre batarde*). There is also a very carefully selected assortment of flowers and ornaments. The specimens of type and ornaments mentioned above, as shown in this book, represent one of the most judiciously selected assortments which I know of in any printing-office. There is almost nothing here which is not the best of its kind, nothing which is not extremely good. If, as I believe, fine printing depends almost entirely upon the selection of fine type faces, the success of the Laboratory Press was provided, although the mechanical start by such a collection of type faces.

For the use of this equipment, a hand press was provided, although the mechanical equipment of the printing department of the Institute has at times been used, as in the case of the presswork of this volume. Printing is after all a simple form of manual work, depending far less on elaborate mechanical devices than is commonly supposed, and with such a type list and any decent form of press, the output was bound to reflect immediately the skill and knowledge of the man who directed its operation. And for those who have not had the opportunity to examine the work as it was issued this volume contains a complete record.

This record is in the form of reduced reproductions of the first fifty *projets* executed by Mr. Garnett's students, the first issued in June of 1923, the fiftieth in December, 1926. (Since that date some twenty-five other *projets* have been completed.) There are also nine examples of work submitted in the *New York Times* Contest in Advertising Typography in April, 1925. I have already commented, in this column, on the interesting manner in which Mr. Garnett's students have been encouraged to attack their various problems. But a word or two should be said for the typography of the book itself. It is set in Garamond type, and, to use a term already used, is a good example of "civilized printing." The presswork is excellent, and the embellishments (which I take to be from Mr. Garnett's own hand), if somewhat reminiscent of the "California School of printing," are decorative and drawn with much spirit. One hundred and sixty copies have been printed on Lafuma-Navarre paper, and ninety-five on Crown and Sceptre. Several reproductions of photographs of the Laboratory itself give a good idea of the look of the place.

One feels at times in reading this book that the author has been a little too careful of the "unconsidered trifles," and that the meticulousness of his work as a typographer has got into his literary style—that the whole thing is taken a little too seriously, But if one wishes to know of the only institution of its kind anywhere about, and more than that, of a highly successful attempt to encourage the right attitude toward printing (which if it is not an art can at least be practiced as a comedy craft), Mr. Garnett's volume has much to offer in the way of encouragement and pleasure.

Well-Printed Poetry

THE printing of poetry is difficult even for the experienced printer, for reasons inherent in the "copy." And when a volume of verse is done under the common handicaps of book printing, for a publisher who regrets the necessity for so many poetry titles in his list, by a printer without imagination, the results are sad. Most books of verse are not so much badly done as done with complete indifference. I could name a couple of dozen such books of recent years, containing verse of high quality by poets of imagination and fire, which are dull and stupid beyond words in their typography. Of course there are reprints and collected editions which are well done: what I have in mind are volumes of poetry in their first editions.

It is therefore a pleasure to come across Elinor Wylie's poetry done with style and *flair*. "Trivial Breath," just issued by Knopf, has been printed by the Pynson Printers in Bernhard type. The trade edition is excellent, the one hundred copies on Van Gelder paper are even better. There is complete accord between the type and the contents, but more important the book is printed in a decent size of type, with ample leading and good margins. In short, instead of being obviously turned out as a mere "filler" for a publisher's list, it shows throughout a desire on the part of both publisher and printer to give good modern poetry a fitting and harmonious setting. I suggest that publishers print less verse and try to print it as satisfactorily as has been done in this instance.

PAYSON & CLARKE have published in this country a photo-lithographic facsimile of William Blake's "Book of Thel," from the copy in the British Museum. Seventeen hundred copies have been issued in quarto form, bound in black cloth with gold stamping. Owing to the nature of Blake's original, the present work is difficult to read, but the reproduction bears evidence of having been carefully done, and the book will interest collectors of Blake.

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Announced for Publication

THE Nonesuch Press announces for fall publication Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman"; an anthology of Latin poetry, "The Latin Portrait," with English translations; and the "Nonsuch" Shakespeare, in seven volumes, in a limited edition under the general editorship of Mr. Herbert Farjeon. The text will be reprinted *litteratim* from the First Folio of 1623 apart from "Pericles" and the "Poems," which will be reprinted from the Quartos. The First Folio text has been collated with the earlier Quartos, and, wherever possible, all outstanding variants will be recorded marginally. Where these Quartos differ so widely from the First Folio as to render collation impossible they will be reprinted in full, but not in the same volume as the First Folio counterpart. The first volume will be ready in the winter.

"John Brown's Body," by Stephen Vincent Benét. A limited edition of 201 copies, signed by the author. $15.

Doubleday, Doran & Co.

"Peter Stuyvesant and His Times," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Not a limited edition, but illustrations by the author promise diversion. $4.

"Heroes from Hakluyt," by Charles Finger, illustrated by Paul Honoré. 300 copies. $10.

Henry Holt & Co.

"A Leaf of Grass from Shady Hill," by Charles Eliot Norton. For John Barnard Associates. 400 copies. $7.50.

"Walt Whitman's Workshop," edited by C. J. Furness. 750 copies. $5.

"Catalogue of the Frances T. P. Plimpton Collection of Italian Books and Manuscripts in the Library of Wellesley College," comp. by Margaret H. Jackson.

"The Taking of Ticonderoga in 1775. The British Story," by Allen French. 500 copies. $2.50.

Harvard University Press.

GERMAN printing and type design of the mid-eighteenth century is not of sufficient glory or charm to detain one for long over the output of the press of that time. Hence the reproduction of "Abdruck von denjenigen Röslein und Zierrathen" of the Vienna typefounder John Thomas Trattner, issued originally in 1760, is only of moderate interest. The flowers shown are neither very original nor very important, and while we welcome such books as filling lacunæ in a technical library which would probably never possess the originals, they seem hardly worth more than the three dollars charged for the ordinary edition, and certainly not worth the *édition de luxe*.

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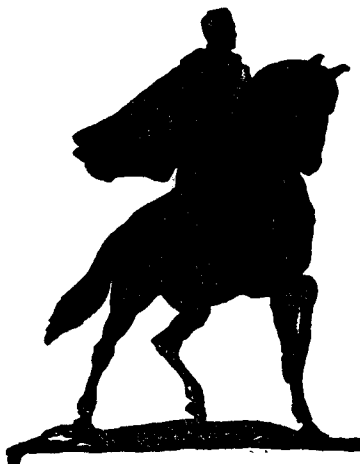

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THE PHOENIX NEST

WE have, we believe, not yet referred to *H. G. Wells's* new novel, soon to be published. His English publishers say that he has returned to pure story-telling. The English edition of "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island" will be published the end of August, and Doubleday, Doran will bring it out here about the nineteenth of October. It contains a hair-raising storm at sea and a fantasia of life upon a cannibal island. As a whole it is said to be "a searching study in insanity." It seems to be nothing just exactly like anything that Wells has heretofore written. If he has recaptured his earliest genius for fantastic story-telling it ought to knock one's eye out. . . .

In the June issue of *The Authors' League Bulletin, Arthur Train* has an article of decided interest to all writers. He deals with that period in literary production when the author reaches an *impasse*. He compares this phenomenon of "the literary blind spot" to the spot on the absolutely fixed eye where nothing can be seen. Too great concentration is the answer. He counsels giving the pot a chance to boil by not watching it too hard. He says, "Relax! Take it easy!" He quotes a reply he sent to a literary society in France that asked him under what conditions he thought the creative faculty most active. In his own experience he had found it "just before falling asleep, just before becoming wide awake, when taking mild solitary walks, and while listening to music, preferably of a classical character." Ninety-five per cent. of the answers were to the same general effect. It is, as Mr. Train calls it, the "mild hypnosis" that will solve the most knotty mental problem nine times out of ten. How much thinking we do when we think we are not thinking! . . .

"Creative Reading," a course in current literature under the general editorship of *Robert Emmons Rogers*, published by the Institute of Current Literature at College House, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass., is now in its second volume, eighteenth number, which last embodies a discussion of the detective story with a special analysis of *S. S. Van Dine's* "The Green Murder Case." . . .

Speaking of the detective story, it is interesting to learn from an English review that "*J. J. Conington*," the writer of mystery stories, is in real life *Professor A. W. Stewart*, the distinguished Irish scientist, who is famous for his recognition of the existence of isobaric atoms,—whatever they may be! . . .

We thank *George W. Lyon* of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for his enjoyment of our comment on the Edgar A. Guest Title Contest. He says in this connection:

Ministers when under the influence of the divine afflatus can get their ideas strangely mixed. They always were the prize metaphor mixers. There is that gem of the colored preacher's prayer:

"O, Lord! If there be one spark of heavenly grace in our midst, we pray you to water it."

Louis Bromfield's "The Strange Case of Anne Spragge" takes place in one night in Fiesole, but into it, in Arabian Nights fashion, are woven a number of subsidiary stories. . . .

W. B. Yeats has written a version for the modern stage of *Sophocles's* "Œdipus Rex." The play has just been published by Macmillan. Needless to say, there is genuine creation as well as translation in this work. . . .

"The Man Who Killed Fortescue," by *John Stephen Strange*, has been selected by the judges of the Crime Club as their book of the month for August. It will be published on August tenth. . . .

Earl Derr Biggers's latest thriller, "Behind That Curtain," is being "put on the air." This is the first time in the history of radio that a detective story has been broadcast. Station WOC, 374 meters, Davenport, Iowa, has been giving it in four successive instalments during July. . . .

A horror story that Alfred A. Knopf published yesterday, "Death in the Dusk," by *Virgil Markham*, is written by the son of *Edwin Markham*, the poet. In London some critics are already speaking of it in the same breath with "Dracula." . . .

Elinor Wylie's new book of poems, "Trivial Breath," has recently been on the Knopf list of best-sellers. . . .

We wish to take off our chapeau and make a sweeping obeisance to "They Return at Evening," a book of ghost stories by *H. R. Wakefield*, of whom we have never previously heard. This is a cracking good book of creepy tales. We have had no such thrill out of ghost stories since we discovered old *Dr. James*—no, not Henry! And there is epigrammatic wit thrown in! Appleton publishes the book, and it's two dollars' worth, believe us! . . .

Dauber & Pine now have a new annex at 8 West 13th Street. They say it is the "lightest, brightest, airiest, and coolest bookshop in town," and they have 50,000 volumes on the shelves, as well as bargain tables. . . .

"Nettle Harvest," by *Sylvia Denys Hooke*, is a delicately beautiful book to be published late in August by Doubleday, Doran. Take our tip and watch for it! . . .

"Way of Sacrifice," by *Fritz von Unruh*, published by Knopf, is a war novel you should certainly read. Von Unruh comes of a Prussian military family and yet his manuscript caused consternation during the War in Army staff quarters in Germany. There were many typewritten, handwritten, and confiscated copies in the German trenches. Not until the revolution put the quietus on militarism in Germany could it be published. . . .

Do you know that the Gnu has a musical sense?
Says a clipsheet we got from Macmillan.
It's in Jenison's *"Natural History. Hence*
If to see's to believe,—we are willin'.
So send us the book, which we'll like if we choose.
If a Musical Sense had a Gnu—that were Gnus.

We have too long neglected to quote from a very pleasing letter received last month from *Antoinette Burgess*, Lago di Como. She remembers those cats O'Reilley saw last summer in Trajan's forum. She says from personal observation that the cats are "extremely funny, and at the same time there is something obscene about the horde." Then she jumps from one portion of the animal kingdom to another and asks whether we know the highbrow version of Mary and her lamb. Mary possessed a diminutive sheep whose external covering was as devoid of all color as the congealed aqueous vapor that sometimes presents an insurmountable barrier to the traveler crossing the Sierras, and everywhere that Mary peregrinated that juvenile Southdown was certain sure to git up and git right after her." Mrs. Burgess spent a month where *d'Annunzio* has his wonderful villa, but never saw him at close range, though he flashed by her balcony at all hours in either his airplane or his motor boat, both of which he drove at frenzied speed. His villa has exquisite gardens. In one corner he has had set up the ship in which he "took" Fiume,

(transferred hence, heaven knows how, from the sea hundreds of feet below his hillside!) and he entertains his guests at tea upon it. . . . And at Rapallo, where I spent the winter, I used to see Ezra Pound tramping along the esplanade, hatless and aggressive. Sem Benelli had an atrocious monstrosity of a villa near by, but Gordon Craig alas! had flitted further afield. . . . In Rome I had tea twice with David Randall MacIver, most charming of men, and erudite Etruscan scholar, but as you see I have merely touched the fringe of the phylaceteries of greatness during these past months. And now Montague is dead, and all the others seem so puny. Conrad, Hardy, Montague—where shall we turn? May Tomlinson long be left us.

We attended—or did we tell you—the opening night of "Patience" as given by the Play-Arts Guild, Inc., of Baltimore, the managing director of which is *T. M. Cushing*. That was the end of June. If you want to forget both the heat and the humidity, hie you to The Theatre Masque, so long as this delightful performance is going on. We think it was *Wilma Lanyon* we fell in love with, as the Lady Saphir (We think it was the Lady Saphir!). Anyway, she—our hopeless passion—is one of the most delightful blondes we have ever seen. But the whole company struck us as excellent, most refreshing. We were entranced. Our only slight cavil was that, on the program we had, *Mr. Kirkley* was set down as "Reginald Bunthorne, a *Fleshy* Poet." Kirkley is, of course, anything but "fleshy," and this obvious printer's error should be remedied. . . .

. . . And so we cease upon a midnight with no pain.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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Bruce Gould commenced his review of *Trivial Breath* in the New York Evening Post: "It strikes us as the most beautiful book we have seen offered at a regular trade price." He concluded it: "She is admittedly one of the two or three important living women poets. But her artistry is so polished, her moods and imagery so rare and fine that she can almost be considered unique."

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